
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

MARCH, 1803.

SKETCH OF THE MEMOIRS
OF
SIR JOSEPH BANKS, K. B.

President of the Royal Society, and one of his Majesty's most
Honorable Privy Council.

EMBELISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

But now let other themes our care engage,
For lo ! with modest and majestic grace,
To curb imagination's lawless rage,
And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
Philosophy appears ! The gloomy race,
By indolence and moping fancy bred,
Fear, discontent, solicitude give place,
And hope and courage brighten in their stead,
While on the kindling soul her vital beams are
shed !

BEATTIE.

FROM having detailed the history of a beautiful but unfortunate lady, whose talents and charms were long the subjects of notoriety, we turn with reverence to the patrons and cultivators of science. BRITAIN has been distinguished for her love of knowledge ; nor has she sought it at home merely, but sent her mission-

aries for the sublime purpose into almost every district and region of the habitable globe!

SIR JOSEPH BANKS was born about the year 1740, and is said to have been descended from a noble Swedish family. His father lived in Lancashire, and was a country gentleman of respectability. Of such ancestors he may well be proud, and he no doubt gratefully cherishes their memory.

Having received that education which is generally termed preparatory, he was removed to the university of Oxford. Here he appears to have prosecuted his studies with ardor, and to have devoted himself with peculiar pleasure to the knowledge of natural history. Natural philosophy, ever since the days of Newton, had been cultivated with enthusiasm; a desire, therefore, now prevailed to explore the living part of the creation, and every effort made to accomplish this desirable purpose. Ray indeed had written some excellent treatises on the subject, but since his days there have been made in this science very considerable improvement.

Upon leaving the university of Oxford in 1763, Sir Joseph visited the coasts of Newfoundland and Labradore; here he observed nature wantoning in her wildest forms, and returned with many subjects he had collected gratifying to curiosity.

This trip across the Atlantic by no means satisfied our traveller—it seems only to have whetted his appetite for further adventures of the kind; accordingly Sir Joseph accompanied

Captain Cook in his first voyage round the world. On the 26th of August, 1768, the Endeavour (which was the name of the ship) left Plymouth on this grand expedition. At Madeira and at Rio Janeiro they became acquainted with some singular objects of natural history. But at Terra del Fuego, the extremity of South America, an excursion was made, which was likely to prove fatal to him and Dr. Solander, a famous botanist who went along with him :— they were overtaken in a storm of snow, and compelled to remain all night on the shore ; three of their company perished, but at last, after having suffered grievously, they reached the ship in safety.

In 1769 they visited Otaheite, continuing here, and at the lesser isles in its vicinity, for upwards of three months, cultivating friendship with the natives, and collecting some beautiful samples illustrative of natural history. Hence they sailed for New Zealand, which was diligently circumnavigated by them, and its products were surveyed with avidity. New Holland was the next country to which they directed their course, particularly that part which is called Botany-bay, on account of the numerous botanical objects by which it was distinguished ; since indeed it has been peopled by *honest* folks from our own country, who not only have had their senses regaled with the odoriferous fragrance of these plants, but have an opportunity of making the fair varieties of nature the subject of their admiration.

It is, however, seriously to be lamented, that so many of the lower classes amongst us are in that state of depravity as to call for transportation : but it is certainly infinitely better thus to dispose of them, than to consign them into the hands of the executioner, which cuts off at one stroke all future amendment. At the same time it is affecting to see many thousands of both sexes thus cast out of the lap of civilized society, and thus removed, as if infected with the plague, to the most remote and distant parts of the world ! We have either to lament the rigor of our laws, or the awfully depraved manners of our beloved country.

Sir Joseph and the voyagers hence steered to New Guinea, Batavia, and other places which have been frequently visited and described. At the latter place indeed they underwent much sickness, and many died : they appear all to have been ill, except an old sail maker between 70 and 80, who got drunk every day ! However, they soon after left this fatal climate, and pushing homewards, reached Deal, June, 1771, with gratitude and joy.

The manner in which he was received in England can be much better conceived than described. The perils through which he had passed, and the information he had obtained, endeared him to his liberal and generous countrymen. To use the words of a biographer on the occasion—"At court, among men of science and literature, at home and abroad, he was equally honored."

Though Sir Joseph had circumnavigated the globe with Cook, his appetite for knowledge was by no means satiated. He now turned his attention to Iceland, which was on various accounts pronounced an object of great curiosity : he therefore set sail in company with his old friend, Dr. Solander, and passing by the Hebrides, or the isles on the western coast of Scotland, they discovered the *columnæ of Staffa*, which have excited astonishment through Europe. Iceland, upon examination, also opened to them a store of wonders : the volcano, the springs, and multifarious productions of the country were duly noticed, and the account of them, afterwards published, gave the learned world high satisfaction.

Sir Joseph, upon his return to England, succeeded Sir John Pringle in the presidency of the Royal Society, for which high station he was eminently qualified. This society had been established in the days of Charles II. who, to his praise be it spoken, is said to have been a distinguished lover of natural philosophy : this is a trait deserving of notice, and reflects, notwithstanding his libertine vices, an honor upon his memory.

It was in the year 1778 that Sir Joseph was elevated to the office of president, and for a time matters went on prosperously ; but alas ! contentions arose, and attempts were made to remove him from the station which he filled with so much dignity. The particulars of the dispute, which related chiefly to the qualifications of members, shall not be here detailed—

let them be consigned to oblivion ; but should the reader be desirous of enquiring into this strange and almost unaccountable business, let him have recourse to a pamphlet written by the late Dr. Andrew Kippis, entitled *Observations on the late Contests in the Royal Society*—the author states and investigates the affair with his usual candor and ability. A certain prelate indeed threatened a secession in these remarkable words—" Sir, we shall have one remedy in our power, if all others fail—if other remedies should fail, we can at last SECEDE. Sir, when the hour of secession comes, the president will be left with his train of feeble amateurs and that toy (pointing to the mace) upon the table—the GHOST of that society in which philosophy once reigned and Newton presided her minister !"—But this turbulent eloquence produced not its effect : the merits of Sir Joseph were not to be forgotten ; he of course continued in the presidency, and has conducted himself with dignity and propriety.

But it is not merely as president of the Royal Society we are to regard this celebrated character—in every department of life has he merited our approbation. At his own house, during the sessions of parliament, he has *conversations*, which are made subservient to knowledge. Nor should we forget to mention that his library and collection of specimens have attained to a deserved celebrity : the care with which they have been procured, and the manner in which they are arranged, must make them well worth attention.

To conclude—most of the useful plans for the increase of knowledge during these latter years have originated with, or have been patronised by him : hence *Ledyard, Lucas, Houghton, Parke, and Sinclair* owe him many obligations. Whether in the metropolis or at his seat in Lincolnshire, he is always intent on the prosecution of those means by which his promotion of science may be most effectually accomplished.

In his person, SIR JOSEPH BANKS is tall and well built, and his countenance is expressive of that intelligence and activity by which his whole life has been distinguished.

Islington.

J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 72.

ESSAY ON WAR.

BY NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD,

Brother of the Farmer's Boy.

OF the POEMS just published by NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD we have given our opinion in our Review ; and though we protested against the principle on which the Essay on War is written, yet we acknowledged its merits as an interesting piece of poetry. We now therefore lay Homer aside for a little while, and proceed to analyse the poem before us, or

rather point out those beautiful passages by which it stands distinguished.

The subsequent exclamation is worthy of notice :—

Most bless'd the country where kind nature's
face

In unsophisticated freedom smiles :

Happy the tenants of primeval days,

When young society is in its spring :

Where there is room and food for millions more,

Love knows no check, the votaries of love,

The happy votaries of wedded love,

Know not the curse of peopled polish'd times—

The curse to wish their children may be few.

The pleasures of conversation are thus des-
canted upon :

Sweet converse binds the cords of social love ;

When the rude noise and gestures that ere while

Imperfectly express'd the labouring thought,

By social concourse are improv'd to speech :

Speech, reasoning man's distinguishing perfec-
tion ;

Speech, the inestimable vehicle

Of mental light and intellectual bliss ;

Whence the fair fruits of holy friendship grow,

Presenting to fond hope's enamour'd sight

The fairy prospect of perpetual peace.

Soldiers going to battle are well described :

Silent and motionless the legions stand,

By looks examining each other's heart :

But soon a murmur through the ranks proceeds,

Swelling as quickly a terrific roar ;

Like heavy waters breaking from their mounds,

A long, and loud, and inarticulate shout,

While every weapon vibrates in the air,
And hisses its fierce vengeance at the foe.

The effects of seeing the enemy, and of the battle itself, are strongly delineated :

Now at the near approach of threatening death,
Full many a thinking, sighing, aching heart
Indulges secretly the hopeless wish
For life and peace—alas ! it cannot be :
To advance is to encounter dreadful danger ;
But to recede, inevitable death—
His own associates would deal the blow.
Thus led by fate, behold upon the plain
The adverse bands in view, and in advance.
Now fear, self-pity, and affected courage
Speak in their hideous shouts with voice scarce
human,

Like that which issues from his hollow throat
Who sleeping bellows in a frightful dream.
More near their glaring eye-balls flashing meet,
Terror and rage distorting every face,
Inflame each other into trembling fury,
Soft-eyed humanity, oh veil thy sight !
'Tis not in rationality to view
(Even in thought) the dire ensuing scene,
For madness, madness reigns, and urges men
To deeds that rationality disowns !
Now here and there about the horrid field,
Striding across the dying and the dead,
Stalks up a man, by strength superior,
For skill and prowess in the arduous fight,
Preserved alive : fainting he looks around,
Fearing pursuit, nor caring to pursue.
The supplicating voice of bitterest moans,
Contortions of excruciating pain,
The shriek of torture and the groan of death,
Surround him ; and as night her mantle spreads,

To veil the horrors of the mourning field,
With cautious step shaping his devious way,
He seeks a covert where to hide and rest :
At every leaf that rustles in the breeze
Starting, he grasps his sword, and every nerve
Is ready strain'd, for combat or for flight.

The praise of Gunpowder is thus celebrated
in energetic strains :

GUNPOWDER ! let the soldier's pean rise
Where'er thy name or thundering voice is heard :
Let him who, fated to the needful trade,
Deals out the adventitious shafts of death,
Rejoice in thee, and hail with loudest shouts
The auspicious era when deep-searching art
From out the hidden things in nature's store
Cull'd thy tremendous powers, and tutor'd man
To chain the unruly element of fire
At his controul, to wait his potent touch :
To urge his missile bolts of sudden death,
And thunder terribly his vengeful wrath.
Thy mighty engines and gigantic towers
With frowning aspect awe the trembling world !
Destruction, bursting from thy sudden blaze,
Hath taught the birds to tremble at the sound ;
And man himself, thy terror's boasted lord,
Within the blacken'd hollow of thy tube,
Affrighted sees the darksome shades of death.
Not only mourning groves, but human tears,
The weeping widow's tears, the orphan's cries,
Sadly deplore that e'er thy powers were known.
Yet let thy advent be the soldier's song,
No longer doom'd to grapple with the foe
With teeth and nails—when close in view, and in
Each other's grasp, to grin, and hack, and stab,
Then tug his horrid weapon from one breast
To hide it in another ! with clear hands

He now expertly poizing thy bright tube,
At distance kills, unknowing and unknown,
Sees not the wound he gives, nor hears the shriek
Of him whose breast he pierces!

Having spoken of the wars in Britain, he
then proceeds:

Since peace has bless'd the villages on Tweed,
And war has ceas'd to drive his iron car
On Britain's shore, what myriads of men
Over the eastern and the western seas
Have follow'd war, and found untimely graves!
Where'er the jarring interests of states
Excite the brave to advance their native land
By deeds of arms, Britons are foremost found.
The sprightly bands, hast'ning from place to
place,

Gayly carousing in their gay attire,
Invite, not force the train of heedless youths,
Who crowd to share their jollity and joy:
To martial music dancing into death,
They sell their freedom for a holiday;
And with the rich and great 'tis glory charms,
And beauty's favor that rewards the brave.

The *slave trade*, or rather the *slave's treatment*,
is finely contrasted with the horrors of war, but
we must refer to the little volume, where the
reader will be much gratified. The passages
transcribed possess no small merit; but that
there is an *irresistible necessity* for war we must
deny. All wars must, on the side of one or the
other of the parties, be criminal; and the
bloody contests which have arisen to desolate
the globe, are the produce of the savage lusts
and unbridled passions raging among the higher
classes of mankind.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

MUCH has been said upon the peevishness of old age, but surely none have so much right to complain as those who are continually subject to its caprices. It is my hard case to be under the controul of an old lady, my aunt, who is always grunting with the rheumatism, or grumbling at the follies and extravagances of the age—the young men look like apes, and the ladies are quite divested of modesty. I have my ears constantly dinned with contrasts of the fashions of the present day and those of my grandfather's, which generally terminate with a sigh and a wonder at what the world will come to ! This I might bear, provided I could escape her remarks ; but I can wear nothing that pleases : if my coat does not flap over my knees, “ it's half cut away ;” if I attempt to appear before her in pantaloons or trowsers, she can't bear to see me, I am so prodigiously frightful, and she is sure my poor dear uncle (who has been dead these five-and-twenty years) would have detested such nasty looking things. She asked me the other day, before a whole company, whether I had not had my head drawn through a hedge, and desired me to comb my hair smooth. But what mortifies me still more is, that instead of dashing out where I please on a Sunday morning, I am obliged to crawl over to church with her on one arm and a large prayer-book under the other ; there I must sit exactly

opposite her, lest I should be ogling the girls. If I give the most distant hint of marrying, I am told I shall find troubles come fast enough, and that it is time enough to think about that this ten or twelve years (though I am now two-and-twenty), to which succeeds a long lecture on the trumpery husseys of the age, as she stiles them, who are fit for nothing but to make men miserable; but in case I should be determined, I am recommended to make a prudent choice, and reminded I can pick up nothing at any time.

This is my unpleasant condition, and I have no hopes of being delivered but by the old lady's death, which I have been longing for these six years without success.

I am yours, &c.

TIMOTHY YOUNG.

Gravesend,
March 3, 1803.

The British Traveller.

NO. 10.

OBSERVATIONS UPON THE NILE, THE CLIMATE, AND POPULATION OF EGYPT.

*By Thomas Walsh, Captain in his Majesty's 93d Regt. of Foot, and
Aid-de-camp to Major-general Sir Eyre Coote.*

THE Nile is undoubtedly the most astonishing river in the world; without it Egypt, surrounded on every side with natural obstacles, separated on the east from Syria by

moving sands, skirted on the south and west by immense tracts of deserts, would be as uninhabitable as the dreary wastes of Lybia. It is navigable for boats of considerable burden as far as the cataracts, and is a very convenient mode of communication from one extremity of the country to the other. The prevailing winds generally serve to sail up; and in coming down, the current is of the greatest advantage, especially during the overflowing, when a large germe will go down from Cairo to Rosetta, a distance of 160 miles, in less than forty hours, without sail or oar to assist its way.

It is the great and indeed the only source of wealth to the country, and is the most pleasant and expeditious way of travelling, particularly when it is considered that there are no inns in the country, except a few miserable caravan-seraïs, disgusting to a European, where you must sleep upon dirty carpets covered with vermin, lying promiscuously with Turks, Arabs, &c.

Only that part of the country which the Nile overflows is inhabited, as is clearly perceptible by the narrow and contracted space of cultivation on each border, and by the numerous villages built only along its banks.

The annual rising and falling of this river, and their causes, have been so often and so correctly stated by able travellers, that it would be as presumptuous as unnecessary to say any thing concerning them. As the waters retire, they leave behind them a rich black mould, very thick, and equal to the richest soil, which

is sown as soon as left dry. The chief productions that I remarked along the banks were rice, wheat, barley, Indian corn, pumpkins, cucumbers, and fields of the finest and most luxuriant clover.

The principal fruits throughout Egypt are the musk and water mellons, small apricots, grapes, oranges, pomegranates, citrons, a few plaintains about Rosetta, and millions of dates. The last mentioned fruit is the potatoe of this country, the poor people living almost entirely upon it.

The date tree grows in large woods, thrives almost every where, and a sandy soil agrees perfectly well with it. The peninsula of Aboukir, at our arrival, and great part of the sandy country between Aboukir and Rosetta were covered with them. Numerous advantages are derived from this tree, every part of which is made to serve some purpose: the fruit is very wholesome and palatable food, and the French made very tolerable brandy from it; the leaves are converted into ropes for the gernes and other boats; the trunk of the tree makes bad fuel, and is used also in the construction of their wretched houses. Wherever the date tree is found, as far as our experience informed us, water may be procured by sinking wells.

Although the Nile is not a rapid river, yet during the time of its overflowing, the force of the current is amazingly great. When it is at its height, the water is of a reddish brown colour, and nearly as thick as mud, so that it is

almost impossible to make use of it for drinking before it has been purified. For this purpose large jars are filled with the water, the inside of them having been previously rubbed round with bitter almonds or beans, and in these it will very soon settle and become quite clear. Women, very carefully muffled up, are constantly seen on the banks filling these jars with water.

At Rosetta and Cairo are sold abundance of earthen bottles named *alkarras*, which are very useful for cooling the water. These are made of white clay, and baked in the sun: they are so porous that the water is constantly exuding through them, and by its evaporation from the external surface, produces such a degree of cold as to render the water within of a very grateful temperature. All our fleet on the coast made use of no other water than that of the Nile, which was found extremely fit for every purpose.

Crocodiles are far less numerous in Egypt than is commonly imagined. None are to be found in Lower Egypt, it very seldom happening that any came down as far as Cairo: as you go up the Nile, it is said they become more common. The French had one at Cairo, brought from Upper Egypt, which was 18 feet long.

There is no country in the world where the climate is more regular than in Egypt. The sky is almost always beautifully clear and serene, and after seven or eight in the morning

not a single fleeting cloud is seen to intercept the burning rays of the sun.

It seldom or never rains in the interior parts ; but on the sea-coast, and near Alexandria, it rains frequently in the winter time : the showers however are short, though heavy, and are immediately succeeded by a fine blue sky. Soon after our landing we had several smart showers, which, while they lasted, fell with great force upon our tents ; and in the night of the 28th of April, we had a very severe thunder-storm, accompanied with a great deal of rain.

But if it do not rain often, the heavy dews which fall during the night, make up in part for the want of moisture. We always perceived the effect of them in the morning, when, as soon as the sun appeared above the horizon, our tents began to smoke as copiously as if a great quantity of rain had fallen. Many a time, in a common soldier's round tent, have I felt the small drizzle of the dew piercing through the canvass.

The nights in March, April, and May, we found very damp and chilly, and no covering was then thought too much.

During the whole campaign, we enjoyed the greatest advantage from the very clear and bright nights ; and we were seldom deprived of the benefit of a fine moon, here scarcely ever overclouded, and shining with extreme lustre.

The heat during the months of May, June, July, and August, we found generally, near Alexandria, to vary between 80 and 85 degrees, and it rarely exceeded 88. A cool refreshing

breeze sprung up regularly about seven in the morning, which near the sea was excessively pleasant, and rendered the heat very supportable, that would otherwise have been intense.

During our stay in Egypt, we had occasion to observe the constancy of the winds which prevail on the coast. In April, May, June, and July, they blew from the north-west; in August and September, they still kept in the same quarter, only varying occasionally to due north. In the day time we almost always enjoyed a fresh breeze, which toward sunset lulled gradually, till it sunk into a calm. To this unquestionably we must ascribe, in great measure, the health of the troops before Alexandria, for it certainly purified as well as cooled the air, and thus removed two powerful causes of sickness and disease.

Egypt is inhabited by several races of people, all differing greatly in their manners, customs, and religion. Of these the first are the Mamalukes, who, though they constitute but a very inconsiderable part of the population, are the rulers and proprietors of the country, and on them all the rest are more or less dependant.

Next are the Bedoween Arabs, constant wanderers in the desert, never inhabiting the same place for any length of time, and living by continual pillage and warfare.

They form no general community among themselves, each tribe having its own cheik or chief, to whom the greatest deference and the strictest obedience are paid. From these nu-

merous petty societies, and their divided interests, arise never-ending quarrels and dissensions. Hospitality is among them a duty, of which they are most sacred observers; and an Arab in danger from any other persons, will not hesitate to throw himself into the power of his professed enemy, secure of meeting with safety and protection. They are however false, dissembling, revengeful, and cunning; and, tho' actually brave, will not scruple, in a dastardly manner, to assassinate their enemy.

The Bedowens are all furnished with horses, capable of undergoing the greatest fatigue in their excursions over the deserts, during which their food is very scanty, and water, always scarce, is sometimes not to be found. Their dress is very light, consisting of nothing more than a loose frock and turban; their weapons are a long gun and a dagger.

The third class are the Fellahs, who are the farmers and husbandmen of the country. They inhabit the villages, and cultivate the lands, all of which are the property of the Mamalukes, by whom these people are kept in the most abject slavery.

When a Fellah has succeeded in amassing a small sum, by dint of economy and hard labour, he dares not make use of it, and is afraid to let it appear by any improvement in his lands or way of living, as it would most undoubtedly expose him to the extortions and pillage of his proprietor, or endanger his life by the rapacity of his neighbours. Hence it follows, that when

this is the case, the money* is buried under ground, and the wretched Fellah, like the miser of more civilized countries, has no other satisfaction but that of knowing where his riches are concealed. At his decease, the secret commonly dies with him, and the money is lost—thus considerable sums disappear, and never again return into circulation.

The tyrannical proprietors of the lands and villages exact the greater part of the produce, and by repeated impositions, contributions, &c. often oblige the Fellahs to abandon their houses, and take refuge among the inhabitants of the desert. Numerous villages, totally deserted, are seen all over Egypt, sad examples of these vexations.

The rest of the villages are striking pictures of the misery of their inhabitants. The houses are the most wretched mud hovels possible to be conceived, without windows, and with scarcely a door. Most of them are built upon eminences, to secure them from the overflowing of the Nile; and many of them are enclosed by a mud wall, flanked with small towers, to defend

* The current coins in Egypt are those of Turkey, and Spanish dollars, at the rate of one hundred and fifty parats to the dollar. The ignorance of the people in the Turkish dominions in general is so great, that it is with the utmost difficulty they can be prevailed on to receive in payment any European coin, either of gold or silver, except the Spanish dollar, and its subdivisions, and these only when stamped with the two pillars.

them from the predatory incursions of the Bedoween Arabs. These form citadels, into which they retire with their cattle and all their goods; and in them they are as secure from the enemy they dread, as in the most impregnable fortress.

Few of the villages are without a public school, where the children are instructed in reading the Koran. This is the only book they have, and as the art of printing is scarcely known in the Turkish dominions, their copies are always manuscripts.

The last are the Cophts, or christian inhabitants of Egypt, who are of the Greek communion. The Cophtic patriarch is the head of the church of Abyssinia, whither he sends a bishop, as his deputy, to govern the clergy of that country.

Great numbers of the Cophts inhabit the towns, where, on account of their possessing superior knowledge to any other class, though the sphere of their acquirements is very confined, they are employed as agents by the chiefs and principal people of the country.

In Upper Egypt, where they are very numerous, they inhabit the villages, and cultivate the lands, in the same manner as the Fellahs in Lower Egypt.

Besides these four classes, which constitute the chief population of the country, there are several others, as Turks, Greeks, Jews, &c. that are settled in the towns, and follow different employments,

The number of inhabitants of all descriptions, though no exact enumeration has ever been made, nor indeed is any thing like it practicable, is generally estimated at about three millions.

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

OUR kind Creator formed man to be happy, and therefore intended that he should partake of the sweets of friendship; with this view he placed him in Paradise, and gave him an helpmate, to partake of his joys and to share his sorrows.

Friendship is of heavenly extraction, God himself therefore is the author of it. It is one of the best gifts he ever bestowed on earth—without it this world would be a dreary wilderness: it consists in a mutual attachment, formed on the basis of solid worth, matured by time, and increased by acquaintance with its beneficial consequences.

Sensibility is essential to its existence—for feeling for the misery of others is one of its prominent features. Sympathy is connected with the finest feelings of human nature, so that we share in the miseries of a beloved friend, and, like our saviour himself, drop a tear of compassion.

Kindred souls are in a more particular manner capacitated to partake of this heavenly vir-

tue—whose views and pursuits are congenial—who appear, as it were, to have been formed in the same mould. Party prejudices and selfish motives must be done away, that this disposition may thrive; no jarring passion must be indulged, but all the fine feelings of the soul are to expand themselves.

Friendship cannot continue long without sincerity: in fine, confidence is essential to its nature, but that cannot be placed where we expect to be deceived. This will be discovered in many circumstances in life—our actions will speak louder than our words: we shall anticipate the wants of others; our visits will be free from the flattery of sycophants; the look will be the index of the mind—if it be sincere, we may expect its continuance. The slanderer will be unable to abate its vigour; the calamities of life will endear our friend, for then we can do him good. Even death itself will not destroy true friendship—it will expand itself in a better world, and bloom to all eternity!

Even in this present world it is productive of many advantages: it brings comfort to the mind; we lose our sorrows in the bosom of a dear friend; the storms of life pass over us unperceived, and we forget our present miseries; our doubts are speedily removed, and we derive a friendly aid when we are sinking in despondency. It is therefore of real advantage in adversity, and makes a cottage comfortable. But what renders it so very serviceable is the prospects it gives us of immortality—that when our friends on earth can be of no more service

to us, we shall share in the friendship of good spirits in Heaven for evermore!

CLERICUS.

Handsworth, March 11. 1803.

THE HAWK AND THE SPARROW.

A FABLE.

IT happened on a time, as a hawk was seeking for his prey, that he beheld a sparrow picking up some grains of corn. "How now!" saith the hawk, "what a rapacious creature thou art, to be so greedy as to devour so much of that grain which is needful for mankind."—"Why art thou so severe in thy remark?" saith the sparrow; "I devour but a few grains of wheat: but couldst thou have thy desire fulfilled, thou wouldst not only prey upon all the sparrows in the kingdom, but rob man of all the poultry which are needful for his table."

MORAL.

We should first of all correct our own faults, before we attempt to correct the faults of others; but it frequently happens, that whilst we are very severe in our censures on others, we palliate our own conduct, however reprehensible.

Handsworth.

T. M.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING, in consequence of a particular request, attended the first meeting, at the London Tavern, of the *Royal Jennerian Society*, and being much impressed by the speeches of the patriotic gentlemen who came forward on that occasion, I send you the inclosed statement; it shews at one view the *superiority of the vaccine inoculation*, and in a mode which must carry conviction to every candid mind. As a minister of the gospel, as a teacher of youth, and as a member of society, I would thus publicly return my thanks to Dr. Jenner for his invaluable discovery, and also to Mr. Addington for the perspicuous and impressive view which he has here given of the subject. The ravages of the small-pox, both at home and abroad, have exceeded credibility. The detail of these facts has been already laid before the public, and is deserving of the most serious attention. In any thing that occurs abroad, respecting this fatal disease, we are indeed not so immediately interested; but there is a passage in Mr. PERCIVAL's *History of Ceylon*, in the East Indies, just published, much to the purpose; being short, and not generally known, it shall be transcribed. Speaking of the diseases to which the inhabitants are exposed, Mr. P. remarks——

“The disease which particularly excites their apprehension is the *small-pox*: it is looked upon

as the immediate instrument of God's vengeance, and they do not venture to use any charms or incantations for their recovery, as they are accustomed to do in all other diseases. If any one dies of it, he is looked upon as accursed, and even his body is denied the rites of burial ! It is carried out to some unfrequented place, and there left with a few bushes or branches of trees thrown over it. It is to be hoped that an intercourse with our countrymen will in time do away these gloomy notions of fatality, and that the effects of remedies on Europeans will induce the natives also to adopt them. It would be an object worthy the attention of government to cause to be introduced among them the inoculation for the cow-POX, which has lately been discovered for the deliverance of mankind from a most fatal pestilence."

Surely, gentlemen, if our settlements are thus recommended to attention, and with the utmost propriety, a still greater degree of regard is due from us to our beloved and highly-favored country. Let us then join heart and hand in so good a work : let us exert ourselves to banish from among our countrymen a disease which may be pronounced, without exaggeration, the most terrible of all scourges with which Heaven afflicts humanity.

With the view of contributing *my mite* towards carrying into execution so laudable a design, I have sent you the inclosed COMPARATIVE VIEW, that by annexing it to your useful Miscellany, it may obtain a more general

circulation. I close with the lines of Mr. N. Bloomfield:—

Yes! JENNER's vigilance is crown'd,
A sovereign antidote is given,
The blessing flows the nations round,
Free he diffus'd the gift of Heaven.

So well approv'd its *sure* effect,
To turn aside the impending harm;
And shall *parental love* neglect
To minister the precious balm?

O no! beware of dire delay,
Ye who caress your infants dear,
Defer it not from day to day,
From month to month, from year to year:

Embrace the blessing Heaven hath sent,
So shall you ne'er such pangs endure;
O, give a trifle to prevent
What you would give a world to *cure*!

I subscribe myself

Your's respectfully,

Islington,
March 12, 1803.

JOHN EVANS.

ORIGINAL LETTERS,
LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

NO. 3.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

AS you request those of your correspondents who may have original letters of any notoriety in their possession, to transmit them to you for insertion, I herewith send you two from a packet of old manuscripts, each being written by a person of much celebrity. The first you will perceive was written by the renowned Dr. Johnson: it does not bear the date of the particular year, but, I should conceive, was no long time before he departed out of this world. The other is the production of the good, though less distinguished, Bishop Hildesley, to a most intimate friend. I am persuaded neither of them have appeared in print, they will therefore be no unacceptable present to you.

ANTIQUARIUS.

N. B. I cannot distinguish by the manuscript what month the doctor's letter was dated, it was either January contracted, or June.

Dr. Samuel Johnson to Mrs. Fourteray.

DEAR MADAM,

Lichfield, Jan. (or June) 28.

I AM aware that before this time your anxiety for a letter is excited: you had a right to expect one two days ago; but you know

numberless circumstances which prevent our doing as we would, frequently take place in continual succession. This has been my case, or the pen should not have been withheld so long.

A compound of regret and satisfaction filled my mind at your departure from hence—of regret, because I was losing, perhaps for ever, the company of one from whose friendship and numerous pledges of sincere attachment I had experienced at various times, and upon various occasions, during these last thirty years, the most substantial delight;—and of satisfaction, because I had never seen you for a length of time enjoying the blessings of health so uninterruptedly as when we had the pleasure of your company this last time at Lichfield. I hope that, upon your arrival at the delightful villa, you found all therein well and happy.

From a sad experience of sickness, I can add my unfeigned assent to that trite yet most true observation, which is in the mouth of every one, that "Health and contentment are the greatest blessings humanity is susceptible of." To happiness these seem indispensibly necessary, yet how few are possessed of both; it is almost impossible to have the latter without the former, and yet a philosophic mind will always bear up against unavoidable calamities.

Upon the whole, I am better than when you left me, and yet am an uncomfortable invalid. I was able to go as far as Birmingham last week, where I met your old friend Mrs. Roberts; she

was glad to hear of you, and made many enquiries.

To Sophia give my love : she attracted my particular notice. The rest of your family has the most cordial wishes for their health and happiness, of,

Dearest madam,

Your most faithful humble servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

*From Bishop Hildesley to the Rev. Mr. Thornton,
Nottingham.**

Bishop's Court, Isle of Man,
April 23, 1768.

DEAREST SIR,

YOUR letter of the 30th of March revived me much, and I may safely say, gave me more real pleasure than I had received since I saw you. No intelligence could have been more gratifying to me than to hear that you and your virtuous partner are enjoying peace and happiness, and that your son Robert is so bountifully provided for—I hope and believe it is no more than he deserves ; and you may depend upon it, my sincerest prayers to Almighty God for

* This letter breathes a spirit of piety and affection, as well as a wish for the promotion of the glory of God and the best interests of mankind, which is worthy of a christian bishop. The admonitions which it gives, too, are highly worthy of the attention of every reader. May England never want such true disciples of the Good Shepherd as were Bishop Wilson and Bishop Hildesley !

him shall not be wanting, that he may be enabled to discharge, with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of those committed to his charge, the very important trust he has taken upon himself. I make no doubt you have given him all the good advice which piety and paternal kindness could suggest, and heartily wish that you may live long to see him prospering in his work in the Lord's vineyard.

The spring, which enlivens and cheers every place, as you have experienced some weeks ago in England, begins now to spread its wished-for effects to this island. My shrubs, I am in hopes, have not received any material injury from the violence of the north during the winter months; as many plants as my hall would contain conveniently, I removed there for shelter, a precaution for which I am now amply repaid.

How much am I indebted to my worthy predecessor,* for cultivating the grounds around the episcopal manse—he could not endure to see any thing go to ruin for want of cultivation: this assertion of him will stand good with respect to his care for the best interests of this before desolated people, as well as when taken in a literal sense. I take more pleasure in my garden than any thing else—it opens a fertile field for useful reflections; the various beauties of every herb and plant from the meanest moss to the tallest oak, tend to fill a thoughtful mind

* The truly pious and laborious Dr. Wilson.

with a veneration for the goodness and economy of the great and wise Governor of the world. Well might the royal psalmist exclaim—"O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

I begin, my dear friend, to feel the infirmities to which our frail nature is subject creeping upon me; when you see me again, you will say that my looks testify that I am not proof against that irresistible ravager, time. While we find ourselves thus gradually descending into the grave, surely we ought to take the seasonable warning betimes, and prepare for that awful change which will translate us from this corruptible world into the presence of the great and adorable Jehovah. May every succeeding year make us wiser and better! and while we strive to live to the glory of God, may we at length be enabled to triumph over our last and most formidable enemy. If we are the objects of the divine love, we need not fear; God will suffer us to sojourn here as long as his wisdom shall see fit, and at the most proper and convenient time will remove us to eternity.——

To Mrs. Thornton I beg my sincerest remembrances and best wishes. If you are going soon into Hertfordshire, remember me kindly to our many common and agreeable friends there. When I indulge fond and pleasing thoughts of former times, of my dear companions whom I knew from my earliest youth, some of which are mingled with the dust, and some few remain now in Hertfordshire, I cannot help entertaining a wish, natural to all I believe, of

dying in my native country : but as an all-wise Providence has placed me here, it is incumbent upon me to be content, and to finish the great work which he has given me to do.

To the same all-wise Providence I always commend you and yours in my prayers, and that most heartily and unfeignedly, and am at all times

Your most affectionate friend
And willing fellow-servant,

MARK SODOR AND MAN.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following speech is copied from one which carries its antiquity in its appearance. Should its merit so far meet your approbation as to induce you to preserve it from oblivion in your magazine, it is very much at your service.

Your's, &c.

Islington,
March 15, 1803.

JACQUES.

THE HEROIC SPEECH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH,

Which she made at the head of her forces at Tilbury Fort, on occasion of the ever memorable Spanish armada, 1588.

“MY LOVING PEOPLE,

“WE have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes ; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my

faithful and loving people ; let tyrants fear : I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects ; and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst of the battle, to live or die amongst you all—to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honor and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and a king of England too ; and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the border of my realm ; to which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms—I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, for your forwardness, you have deserved rewards and crowns, and I do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you, in the mean time, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject, not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people.”

For the Monthly Visitor.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

The following event is recorded in an old history of England, which took place in the reign of Henry VIII.

A LITTLE before this tyme was there a worshipful esquire in Glocestershyre, called Wylllyam Tracy, of Todyngton, whiche made in his wyll, that he would no funerall pompe at his burying, neither passed he upon masse; and farther said, that he trusted in God only, and not by no saint. This gentleman dyed, and his sonne, as executor, brought the wyll to the Bishop of Cauntorbury to prove, whiche he shewed to the con'ocacion, and there vnadvisedly they adiudged him to be taken out of the ground, and to be brent as an heritike, and sent a commission to Doctor Parker, chauncelor of the dyoces of Worcester, to execute their sentence, whiche accomplished the same!

The king, hearyng his subiect to be exhume and brent without his knowlege, or order of his lawe, sent for the chauncelor, and layde the high offence to him, whiche excused him by the Archebishop of Cau'torbury, whiche was late dead: but in conclusion it cost him C. C. C. pound to have his pardon. But yet for a farther trueth to be kowe' of this gentleman's death, and the cruell ignoran'eye of the

bishoppes, I haue here expressed his wyllle worde by worde as foloweth.

“ In the name of God, amen. I. Wylliam Tracy, of Todygton, in the countie of Gloucester, esquier, make my testament and last wyllle, as hereafter foloweth. Fyrst and before all other things, I commit me vnto God and to his mercy, belevying, without any doubt or mistrust, that by his grace, and the merites of Jesus Christ, by the vertue of his passion and of his resurreccion, I haue and shall have remission of my sinnes and resurreccion of body and soule according as it is written. I believe that my Redemer lyveth, and that in the last day I shall ryse out of the yearth, and in my fleshe shall see my Sauior. This my hope is layde up in my bosome.

“ And touchyng the wealth of my soule, the fayth that I haue taken and rehearse is sufficient (as I suppose) without any other mannes, work, or works. My ground and belefe is, that there is but one God, and one mediator betwene God and man, which is Jesus Christ; so that I accept none in Heaven nor in yearth to be mediator betwene me and God but onely Jesus Christ—all other be but petitioners in receiuyng of grace, but none hable to giue influence of grace, and therefore will I bestowe no part of my goodes for that entent, that any man should say or do to helpe my soule, for therein I trust only to the promises of God: he that beleueth and is baptized, shall be saued; and that he beleueth not, shall be damned.

"As touchyng the burying of my body, it availeth me not whatsoeuer be done thereto, for Saint Augistine sayeth (*de cura agenda pro mortuis*), that the funerall pompes are rather the solace of them that live, then for the welth and comforte of them that are ded; and therefore I remitte it only to the discrecion of myne executors. And touching the distribucion of my temporal goodes, my purpose is, by the grace of God, to bestowe them, to be accepted as the fruites of fayth; so that I do not suppose that my merite is by good bestowing of them, but my merite is the fayth of Jesus Christ only, by whom such works are good accordyng to the words of our Lord—"I was hungry, and thou gauest me to eat," &c. and it followeth, that "Ye haue done to the least of my brethren, ye haue done it to me," &c. And euer we should consider the true sentence, that "A good work maketh not a good man, but a good man maketh a good work:" for fayth maketh them a' both good and righteous; for a righteous man liueth by fayth, and whatsoeuer spryngeth not of fayth is synne.

"And all my temporall goodes that I haue not giuen or delivered, or not giuen by writyng of myne own hand, bearyng the date of this present wrytyng, I do leaue and giue to Margaret my wyfe, and to Richard my sonne, whom I make myne executors. Wytnes this myne owne hand, the X day of October, in the XXII yere of King Henry VIII."

This is the true copy of his wille, for the whiche, as you haue heard before, after he was almoste thre yeres dead, they toke him vp and burned him.

MR. HAYLEY'S LIFE OF THE LATE
W. COWPER, ESQ.

THE subject of biography has ever been considered, of all others, the most difficult on which to employ the pen. A strict adherence to truth, as well as a talent for just discrimination, so essentially necessary to this arduous task, we seldom find concentrated in the productions of our modern biographers. To this general observation, however, Mr. Hayley is a most striking exception, whose literary attainments are too well known to require any eulogium in this place; yet it is our duty to remark, that we know of no one more capable of estimating the merits of that admired author, from whose works we shall take the liberty of occasionally selecting a few extracts replete with entertainment and instruction. In proof of this assertion, we introduce the following introductory letter, written by Mr. Hayley to Lord Cowper, which will give our readers a pretty accurate idea of the excellence of the writings of the above celebrated poet:—

“YOUR family, my lord, our country itself, and the whole literary world, sustained such a loss in the death of that amiable man and en-

chanting author, who forms the subject of these volumes, as inspired the friends of genius and virtue with universal concern. It soon became a general wish, that some authentic and copious memorial of a character so highly interesting should be produced with all becoming dispatch—not only to render due honor to the dead, but to alleviate the regret of a nation taking a just and liberal pride in the reputation of a poet who had obtained and deserved her applause, her esteem, her affection. If this laudable wish was very sensibly felt by the public at large, it glowed with peculiar warmth and eagerness in the bosom of the few who had been so fortunate as to enjoy an intimacy with Cowper in some unclouded periods of his life, and who knew from such an intimacy, that a lively sweetness, and sanctity of spirit, were as truly the characteristics of his social enjoyments as they are allowed to constitute a principal charm in his poetical productions.

“It has justly been regarded as a signal blessing to have possessed the perfect esteem and confidence of such a man; and not long after his decease, one of his particular friends presumed to suggest to an accomplished lady, nearly related both to him and to your lordship, that she herself might be the biographer the most worthy of the poet. The long intimacy and correspondence which she enjoyed with him from their lively hours of infantine friendship to the dark evening of his wonderfully chequered life; her cultivated and affectionate mind, which led her to take peculiar delight

and interest in the merit and the reputation of his writings; and lastly, that generous attachment to her afflicted relation, which induced her to watch over his disordered health, in a period of its most calamitous depression—these circumstances united seemed to render it desirable that she should assume the office of Cowper's biographer, having such advantages for the perfect execution of that very delicate office, as perhaps no other memorialist could possess in an equal degree.

“For the interest of literature, and for the honor of many poets, whose memories have suffered from some biographers of a very different description, we may wish that the extensive series of poetical biography had been frequently enriched by the memoirs of such remembrancers as feel only the influence of tenderness and truth. Some poets indeed of recent times have been happy in this most desirable advantage. The Scottish favorite of nature, the tender and impetuous Burns, has found in Dr. Currie an ingenuous, eloquent, affectionate biographer; and in a lady also (whose memoir of her friend the bard is very properly annexed to his life) a zealous and graceful advocate, singularly happy in vindicating his character from invidious detraction. We may observe, to the honor of Scotland, that her national enthusiasm has for some years been very laudably exerted in cherishing the memory of her departed poets.—But to return to the lady who gave rise to this remark.

“The natural diffidence of her sex, uniting with extreme delicacy of health, induced her, eager as she is to promote the celebrity of her deceased relation, to shrink from the idea of submitting herself, as an author, to the formidable eye of the public. Her knowledge of the very cordial regard with which Cowper has honored me, as one of his most confidential friends, led her to request that she might assign to me that arduous office, which she candidly confessed she had not the resolution to assume. She confided to my care such materials for the work in question as her affinity to the deceased had thrown into her hands.

“In receiving a collection of many private letters, and of several posthumous little poems, in the well-known character of that beloved correspondent, at the sight of whose hand I have often exulted, I felt the blended emotions of melancholy regret and of awful pleasure. Yes, I was pleased that these affecting papers were entrusted to my care, because some incidents induced me to believe, that if their revered author had been solicited to appoint a biographer for himself, he would have assigned to me this honorable task. Yet honorable as I considered it, I was perfectly aware of the difficulties and the dangers attending it: one danger indeed appeared to me of such a nature as to require perpetual caution as I advanced—I mean the danger of being led, in writing as the biographer of my friend, to speak infinitely too much of myself. To avoid the offensive failing of egotism, I had resolved at first to make no

inconsiderable sacrifice, and to suppress in his letters every particle of praise bestowed upon myself. I soon found it impossible to do so without injuring the tender and generous spirit of my friend. I have therefore suffered many expressions of his affectionate partiality towards me to appear, at the hazard of being censured for inordinate vanity. To obviate such a censure, I will only say, that I have endeavoured to execute what I regard as a mournful duty, as if I were under the immediate and visible direction of the most pure, the most truly modest, and the most gracefully virtuous mind that I had ever the happiness of knowing in the form of a manly friend. It is certainly my wish that these volumes may obtain the entire approbation of the world, but it is infinitely more my desire and ambition to render them exactly such as I think most likely to gratify the conscientious spirit of Cowper himself in a superior existence.

“ The person who recommended it to his female relation to continue her exemplary regard to the poet by appearing as his biographer, advised her to relate the particulars of his life in the form of letters addressed to your lordship. He cited, on the occasion, a striking passage from the memoirs of Gibbon, in which that great historian pays a just and a splendid compliment to one of the early English poets, who, in the tenderness and purity of his heart, and in the vivid powers of description, may be thought to resemble Cowper. The passage I allude to is this :—“ The nobility of the Spencers has been

illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider the fairy queen as the most precious jewel of their coronet."

"If this lively metaphor is just in every point of view, we may regard the task as a jewel of pre-eminent lustre in the coronet belonging to the noble family of Cowper. Under the influence of this idea, allow me, my lord, to address to you such memoirs of your admirable relation as my own intimacy with him, and the kindness of those who knew and loved him most truly, have enabled me to compose. I will tell you, with perfect sincerity, all my motives for addressing them to your lordship. First, I flatter myself it may be a pleasing, and, permit me to say, not an unuseful occupation to an ingenuous young nobleman, to trace the steps by which a retired man of the most diffident modesty, whose private virtues did honor to his name, arose to peculiar celebrity. My second motive is, I own, of a more selfish nature, for I am persuaded, that in addressing my work to you, I give the public a satisfactory pledge for the authenticity of my materials. I will not pretend to say that I hold it in the power of any title, or affinity, to reflect additional lustre on the memory of the departed poet: for I think so highly of poetical distinction, when that distinction is pre-eminently obtained by genius, piety, and benevolence, that all common honors appear to be eclipsed by a splendor more forcible and extensive. Great poets, my lord, and

that I may speak of them as they deserve, let me say, in the words of Horace,

Primum me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetus,
Excerptam numero.

“Great poets have generally united in their destiny those extremes of good and evil which Homer, their immortal president, assigns to the bard, he describes, and which he exemplified himself in his own person. Their lives have been frequently chequered by the darkest shades of calamity; but their personal infelicities are nobly compensated by the prevalence and the extent of their renown. To set this in the most striking point of view, allow me to compare poetical celebrity with the fame acquired by the exertion of different mental powers in the highest department of civil life. The lord chancellors of England may be justly regarded among the personages of the modern world peculiarly exalted by intellectual endowments; with two of these illustrious characters, the poet, whose life I have endeavoured to delineate, was in some measure connected, being related to one, the immediate ancestor of your lordship, and being intimate, in early life with a chancellor of the present reign, whose elevation to that dignity he has recorded in rhyme. Much respect is due to the legal names of Cowper and of Thurlow: knowledge, eloquence, and political importance conspired to aggrandize the men who added those names to the list of English nobility. Yet after the lapse of a few centuries, they will shine only like very

distant constellations, merely visible in the vast expanse of history: but at that time, the poet of whom I speak will continue to sparkle in the eyes of all men, like the radiant star of the evening, perpetually hailed by the voice of gratitude, affection, and delight.

“There is a principle of unperishable vitality (if I may use such an expression) in the compositions of Cowper, which must ensure to them in future ages what we have seen them so happily acquire and maintain in the present—universal admiration and love! His poetry is to the heart and the fancy what the moral essays of Bacon are to the understanding, a never cloying feast,

“As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on,”

Like them it comes “home to the business and bosom of every man,” by possessing the rare and double talent to familiarize and endear the most awful subjects, and to dignify the most familiar, the poet naturally becomes a favorite with readers of every description. His works must interest every nation under Heaven, where his sentiments are understood, and where the feelings of humanity prevail: yet their author is eminently an Englishman in the noblest sense of that honorable appellation—he loved the constitution, he revered the religion of his country, he was tenderly and generously alive to her real interest and honor, and perhaps of her many admirable poets, not one has touched her foibles, and celebrated her perfections, with a spirit so truly filial.

“ But I perceive that I am in danger of going far beyond my design in this introductory letter, for it was my intention not to enter into the merits of his character here, but to inform you in what manner I wish to make that character display itself to my readers, as far as possible, in his own most interesting language. Perhaps no man ever possessed the powers of description in a higher degree, both in verse and prose. By weaving into the texture of these memoirs an extensive selection of his private letters and several of his posthumous poems, I trust that a faithful representation of him has been formed, where the most striking features will appear the work of his own inimitable hand. The result of the whole production will, I am confident, establish one most satisfactory truth, interesting to society in general, and to your lordship in particular—the truth I mean is expressed in the final verse of an epitaph which the hand of friendship inscribed to your excellent relation ;

“ His virtues form’d the magic of his song.”

“ May the affectionate zeal with which I have endeavoured to render all the justice in my power to his variety of merit, atone for whatever deficiencies may be found in this imperfect attempt, and lead both your lordship and our country to honor with some degree of approbation

“ Your very faithful servant,

“ WILLIAM HAYLEY.”

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. WILKES AND THE PRESENT EARL OF
BRISTOL.

THE following entries were written in the Album of the Grand Chartreuse, near Grenoble, in Dauphine, France, by the late Mr. Wilkes and the present Earl of Bristol:

"I HAD the happiness of passing the entire day of July 24, 1765, in this romantic place, with the good fathers of the Grand Chartreuse, and I reckon it amongst the most agreeable of my life. I was charmed with the hospitality and politeness I met with, and edified by the conversation of the *pere general* and the *pere coadjuteur*. The savages of the woods, the gloom of the rocks, and the perfect solitude, conspire to make the mind pensive, and to lull to rest all the turbulent guilty passions of the soul. I felt much regret at leaving the place and the good fathers, but I carry with me the liveliest sense of their goodness.

"J. WILKES, ANGLOIS."

"IF second thoughts are best, second visits are not always so. I arrived here on Saturday the 25th of August, and was obliged by an accident to continue here forty-eight hours. Perhaps, as Richard says, "I outlived their liking:" the general refused me the sight of the library, and the cook the necessary food. I quit this place, (to use a familiar expression) "more pe-

netrated with cold than with the civility of the house, more loaded with compliments than with food." And after seeing two swaggering Capuchins pass through the portico, with their paunches as full as their wallets, I cannot help recollecting a Scripture expression—"He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away." As to the good fathers, they always remind me of Virgil's sentiments on the inhabitants of the shades below:—

"——— quam vellent æthere in alto

"Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!"

"F. H. B. D."

(FREDERICK HERVEY, BISHOP OF DERRY.)

MARECHAL DE LE FERTE.

WHEN a deputation from the Jews waited upon the Marechal de le Ferte, to compliment him as governor of Mentz, he desired that they might not be admitted: "I cannot endure even the sight of them—a parcel of wretches who betrayed my Master!" Understanding, however, that they brought him a present of 4,000 pistoles, "It is true," continued he, "poor creatures! they did not know what they did—pray, do shew them to the audience-chamber!"

POPULATION OF FRANCE.

THE following list is extracted from the catalogue of the French towns, given at the head of the *Annuaire*s, published at Paris, for the year 11 of the republic:—

	<i>Souls.</i>		<i>Souls.</i>
Paris	672,000	Dieppe	25,000
Marseilles ..	108,000	Brest	24,180
Lyons	102,000	L'Orient	22,318
Bordeaux..	104,000	Besancon....	25,328
Lisle	66,761	Grenoble....	20,019
Brussels....	66,000	Versailles....	35,093
Antwerp ..	56,378	Rochefort....	28,874
Ghent	56,651	Toulon.....	19,000
Toulouse ..	52,612	Dijon.....	20,076
Amiens	40,000	Falaise.....	14,009
Nismes	40,000	Luneville....	11,691
Bruges	36,000	Cherbourg...	10,081
Montpellier..	32,899	Calais.....	6,549
Caen	34,805	Arles	20,000
Dunkirk....	26,255		

The population of each town, included in the vast circumference of the French republic, is set down in a table which occupies several pages; but it is evident, even from this abstract from it, that the population in many of them is given by guess, and not from actual enumeration. It is supposed that the population of Paris is over-rated, and that the actual number of inhabitants does not exceed 500,000.

JONAS HANWAY.

THIS truly benevolent man, who first avowed himself the protector of the chimney-sweepers' apprentices, gives the following account of them:—"These distressed boys," says he, "are often bought of worthless parents, or picked up as a forlorn hope, and sold by one chimney-sweeper to another for ten or twenty shillings. Some masters take a dozen, some twenty apprentices. One of them had the modesty to take as far as thirty, many of whose faces he really did not know. In those cases it is common to let them out at 6d. a day, the boy to get food where he can find it; the charity which they get in the streets, if it exceeds a penny, they are again plundered of by the masters." A most humane subscription has been entered into in the metropolis, for offering a reward to the person who shall discover the best and cheapest machine for cleaning chimnies, so as to supersede the necessity of employing infants. At Edinburgh a fine of 5s. is levied upon every person whose chimney catches fire through neglect of keeping it clean.

TRIAL OF COLONEL DESPARD AND OTHERS
FOR HIGH TREASON.

IN conformity with our promise last month, of laying before our readers the particulars of the trial of these unfortunate men, we now proceed to state the circumstances of the case. We shall be as brief as possible, in order to give place to the admirable and impressive address of Lord Ellenborough. We are aware that a very minute detail of the proceedings has already been pretty generally circulated, but conceive it a matter of too much interest to be omitted on record in the *Monthly Visitor*.

On Monday, February 7, about 9 o'clock, Edward Marcus Despard was brought into court (New Sessions-house, Southwark), and in about twenty minutes after the judges arrived. After the preliminary business of choosing the jury was settled, the bill of indictment, which consisted of three counts, was then read. The prosecution was opened by the attorney-general, who in a very eloquent and impartial manner laid before the jury the whole of the charges. "The 11 prisoners (including Despard) formed a society at the Oakley Arms, in the parish of St. Mary, Lambeth: the most active members were Francis and Wood, and their drift was to overturn the government. His majesty having intended to meet his parliament a week earlier than he actually did (on the 16th of Jan. instead of the 23d), they designed on that day

to carry into effect their plan, by laying restraint upon the king's person and destroying him. They frequently attempted to seduce soldiers into the association, in which they sometimes succeeded, and sometimes failed. Francis administered unlawful oaths to those that yielded, and, among others, to Blades and Windsor, giving them at the same time two or three copies of the oath, that they might be enabled to make proselytes in their turn. Windsor soon after becoming dissatisfied, gave information of the conspiracy to a Mr. Bonus, and shewed him a copy of the oath. This gentleman advised him to continue a member of the association, that he might learn whether there were any persons of consequence engaged in it. On the Friday before the intended assassination of his majesty, a meeting took place, when Broughton prevailed upon two of the associates to go to the Flying Horse, Newington, where they would meet with a *nice man*, which *nice man*, as he stiled him, was the prisoner, Despard."

The first witness was John Stratford, clerk to the magistrates of Union-hall, who apprehended Col. Despard at the Oakley Arms. There were about thirty persons in the room, and they were all, except the colonel, of the lowest class and very meanly dressed. The printed papers found in the room were then produced and read, consisting of the form of the oath, &c.—This witness's evidence was corroborated by the depositions of other constables who had accompanied him.

Thomas Windsor, the chief witness, declared the manner in which he took the oath, and the plan of the conspiracy. Having mentioned the intended mode of proceeding, he said the prisoner observed that the attack should be made on the day when his majesty should go to the parliament-house, and that his majesty must be put to death; at the same time the prisoner said, "I have weighed the matter well, and my heart is callous!" After the destruction of the king, the mail-coaches were to be stopped, as a signal to the people in the country that the revolt had taken place in town. The prisoner then desired the witness to meet him on the ensuing morning, at half past 11 o'clock, on Tower-hill, and to bring with him four or five intelligent men, to consider upon the best manner for taking the tower and securing the arms. The witness accordingly met him at the Tyger public-house on Tower-hill, having brought with him two or three soldiers. The prisoner now repeated his declaration, that the king must be put to death, and Wood promised, when the king was going to the house, he would post himself as sentry over the great gun in the park, that he would load it and fire at his majesty's coach as he passed through the Park.

The several meetings, consultations, &c. were further proved by Wm. Campbell, Chas. Read, Joseph Walker, Thomas Blades, and other witnesses.

Mr. Serjeant Best, in behalf of the prisoner, dwelt upon the incredibility of the witnesses—they were characters of no worth, and he urged

that the printed papers which were found were not sufficiently proved to be connected with the prisoner; that the scheme was too romantic ever to be seriously imagined—there were no arms, not a pike, a pistol, or a rusty musket—in fact, the attempts of the heroes of the Oakley Arms, as set forth, far exceeded all the wild sallies of Don Quixote,

Lord Nelson gave a most excellent character of the prisoner—they were on the Spanish main together, they served together, and he declared him to have been a loyal man and a brave officer. On cross-examination, his lordship said he had not seen him since the year 1780.

Sir Alured Clarke and Sir Evan Nepean bore testimony of his being a zealous officer.

Mr. Gurney, the other counsel for the prisoner, then addressed the jury in an able speech, and Mr. Solicitor General having replied on the part of the crown, Lord Ellenborough began to sum up nearly as follows :

“ Gentlemen of the Jury,

“ The prisoner stands charged with high treason, of three sorts, not very different in their nature—1st, for compassing the death of the king; next, for compassing to seize his person; and 3dly, for conspiring to depose him. The first of these is treason, by the statute of Edward III. the two last, by a recent statute of the present reign. Eight distinct overt acts are stated as evidences of this intention. Gentlemen, the overt acts are the holding conversations for effecting those malignant purposes of the heart.

The defendant's counsel say that the proof consists only of words, and that it cannot be treason. If it consisted only of loose words, the ebullition of an irritated or crazy mind, it would not be treason, because it would be too much to infer such a purpose as the destruction of the king from words so spoken. But when words are spoken at a public meeting, and addressed to others, exciting and persuading them to that purpose, it never was doubted by any one English lawyer, it never will be doubted, but that they amount to treason. Another subject upon which I wish to say a few words is, the nature of evidence by accomplices. That he is a competent witness, upon whose testimony you may found a conclusion, cannot be doubted. If it were not so, it would be a dereliction of duty in the judges sitting here, and those who have formerly sat in courts of justice, not to have repelled such witnesses from the oath, and have told the jury that they were not fit to be credited. But they are always received, and altho' sullied with the contamination of the crime which they impute to others, they are credible, though their testimony must be received with caution." His lordship here read verbatim the whole of the evidence taken throughout the day. "Now, gentlemen, this is the whole evidence; see how it applies to the charge—first, with respect to an overt act committed within the county; it is proved at the Oakley Arms, and at the Flying Horse—that point of law is therefore satisfied. The only remaining consideration is, whether you will believe the evidence

of Blades, Windsor, Emblyn, and Francis, or either of them. You have heard the high character given of the prisoner by a man, on whom to pronounce an eulogium were to waste words, but you are to consider whether a change has not taken place since the period he speaks of."

The jury, after about half an hour's conversation, returned the verdict, **GUILTY**, but earnestly recommended him to mercy, on account of his former good character, and the services he had rendered his country.

The prisoner, during the whole of the trial, appeared very composed, nor did he exhibit any marks of agitation when the verdict was returned.

On the following Wednesday the trial of the twelve other prisoners took place, when the same circumstances, by chiefly the same witnesses, being repeated, nine were found guilty, three of whom were recommended to mercy.

The usual question was then asked each separately, "What he had to say that sentence should not be pronounced?" When Colonel Despard remarked that he had been tried and convicted on the evidence of such men as ought not to be listened to; he was charged with seducing certain soldiers—nothing could be more false, he declared he never had the smallest conversation with them on the subject.

Lord Ellenborough, in a style of awful solemnity, highly befitting the melancholy but just occasion, addressed the prisoners nearly to the following purport;—

“ You, Edward Marcus Despard—you, John Wood—you, Thomas Broughton—you, John Francis—you, Thomas Newman—you, Daniel Tyndal—you, James Sedgwick Wratten—you, William Lander—you, Anthony Graham—and you, John M’Namara, have been severally indicted for traiterously conspiring against his majesty’s person, his crown, and government, for the purposes of subverting the same, and changing the government of this realm. To this indictment you have pleaded Not Guilty, and put yourselves for trial upon God and your country, which country has found you guilty. After a long, patient, and, I hope, just and impartial trial, you have been all of you severally convicted, by a most respectable jury of your country, upon the several crimes laid to your charge. In the course of evidence upon your trial, such disclosures have been made, as to prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the objects of your atrocious, abominable, and traiterous conspiracy were, to overthrow the government, and to seize upon and destroy the sacred persons of our august and revered sovereign and the illustrious branches of his royal house, which some of you, by the most solemn bond of your oath of allegiance, were pledged, and all of you, as his majesty’s subjects, were indispensably bound, by your duty, to defend; to overthrow that constitution, its established freedom, and boasted usages, which have so long maintained among us that just and rational equality of rights and security of property which have been for so many ages the envy and admiration of the world: and to erect upon its ruins a wild system of anarchy and bloodshed, having for its object the subversion of all property, and the massacre of its proprietors; the annihilation of all legitimate authority and established order—for such must be the import of that promise held out by the

leaders in this atrocious conspiracy, of ample provision for the families of "those heroes who should fall in the struggle." The more effectually to ensure success in those evil machinations, and to encourage those who were to be seduced to their support, endeavors have been made by you and your accomplices to seduce from their allegiance to their sovereign the soldiers of his majesty—endeavours which, though they appear to have been in too many instances successful, yet I hope falsely said to be in that extent stated in evidence. Equally false, I hope, has been another assertion, that two-thirds of the inhabitants of this country were ready for a change, and prepared to support and adopt such measures as were likely to be most effectual for obtaining it—a change, by which no less was contemplated than the subversion of all the sources of law, order, and public justice, and the substitution of massacre, anarchy, and all their dire effects. It has, however, pleased that Divine Providence, which has mercifully watched over the safety of this nation, to defeat your wicked and abominable purpose, by arresting your projects in their dark and dangerous progress, and thus averting that danger which your machinations had suspended over our heads; and by your timely detection, seizure, and submittal to public justice, to afford time for the many thousands of his majesty's innocent and loyal subjects, the intended victims of your atrocious and sanguinary purpose, to escape that danger which so recently menaced them, and which, I trust, is not yet become too formidable for utter defeat. Happily for the families and the persons of thousands of your wicked and deluded accomplices, your detection has in time, I hope, served to avert the calamities in which they would have inevitably involved themselves, as well as their innocent fellow-citizens. The vigilance of that government, unceas-

ingly directed to the public security, was not to be eluded by the dark and mysterious secrecy under which you endeavoured to mask your wicked designs: your very endeavours to propagate and promote your projects have been the sources of your defeat, and thus it has happened, that when you imagined your vile purposes to be nearest their completion, they have been fortunately discovered by the very means through which you intended to put them in execution: and thus the intended victims who were on the eve of being involved in all the horrors of your projects, have fresh cause to acknowledge with gratitude the goodness of that all-provident God, who has thus timely, and I hope for ever, put a stop to your diabolical plans.

“As to you, deluded victims of a desperate and abandoned conspiracy, before I conclude the awful task which remains for me to perform, I wish to say a few words to you on the enormity of those crimes which have brought you to your present melancholy and ignominious situation. And first, you, Edward Marcus Despard, in whom the dignified pride of birth, the advantages of a liberal education, and the habits of intercourse in that rank in which your conduct was once so highly honorable, and from whom the testimony borne of your former conduct by the honorable companions of your earlier pursuits, adduced in this court as witnesses for your character, should have induced us to expect widely different conduct and principles. How grossly have you misapplied and abused the talents and opportunities which you enjoyed for honorable distinction in society! and how have you degraded yourself to the association of those unfortunate and wretched companions, by whom you are now surrounded, in whose ignominious fate you so justly share, but who are the unhappy victims of your seductive persuasion and example. I do not wish,

at this awful moment, to urge any thing to you and the degrading companions by whom you are surrounded, to sharpen the bitterness of your feelings under the ignominy of your fate, but I would most earnestly and sincerely wish to impress your mind, during the short period of your remaining life, with a due sense of your awful situation, and of the criminal conduct which has involved you in your present ignominious fate: I would earnestly entreat you zealously to endeavour to subdue the callous insensibility of heart, of which, in an ill-fated moment, you have boasted, and regain that sanative affection of the mind, which may prepare your soul for that salvation, which, by the infinite mercy of God, I beseech of that God you may obtain.

“ And as to you, other unhappy prisoners, the wretched victims of his seduction and example, to what a dreadful and ignominious fate have you brought yourselves, and what sorrow and affliction have been entailed upon your wretched families, by the atrocity of your crimes, and your purposed and sanguinary attempts to subvert that happy constitution and government, under the mild protection of which you might still have continued to pursue industrious avocations, and enjoy with comfort the fruits of your honest and peaceful labours; and the unexampled mildness and merciful tendency of whose laws you have this day experienced in a long, a patient, a fair and most impartial trial, before that respectable and discerning jury, who have convicted you on the most uncontroverted evidence of your guilt. May the awful and impressive example of your untimely fate prove a warning to your wicked associates and accomplices in every quarter of this realm, and induce them to abandon those machinations which have brought you to this disgraceful catastrophe! May they learn to avoid your fate by cultivating the blessings of that constitution

which you have calumniated and endeavoured to subvert, and by pursuing their honest and industrious avocations, and avoiding political cabals and seditious conspiracies, avoid also those dreadful consequences in which they themselves would most probably be amongst the first victims.

“The same earnest advice I have just given to your unfortunate leader and seducer I now offer to you, which is, to make the best use of the short period of life now remaining, to make your peace with an offended God for your crimes, and seek mercy in another life which the interest of your fellow-creatures will not suffer to be extended to you here!

“The only thing remaining for me is the painful task of pronouncing against you and each of you the awful sentence which the law denounces against your crime, which is, that you and each of you (here his lordship named the prisoners severally) be taken to the place from whence you came, and from thence you are to be drawn on hurdles to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck, but not until you are dead, for while you are still living your bodies are to be taken down, your bowels torn out and burnt before your faces; your heads are to be then cut off, and your bodies divided each into four quarters, and your heads and quarters to be then at the king's disposal; and may the Almighty God have mercy on your souls!”

The whole of this pathetic address was heard with the most profound silence in the court, and every eye was suffused in tears.

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MEMOIRS OF COLONEL DESPARD.

HE was born, we learn, in 1750 or 1751, and descended from a very ancient and respectable family in the Queen's County, in Ireland. He is the youngest of six brothers, all of whom, except the eldest, have served either in the army or navy. In 1766, he entered the army as an ensign in the 50th regiment; in the same regiment he served as a lieutenant, and in the 79th he served successively as lieutenant, quarter-master, captain-lieutenant, and captain. From his superior officers he received many marks of approbation, particularly from General Calcraft, of the 50th, General Meadows, and the Duke of Northumberland. He has been for the last twenty years detached from any particular corps, and intrusted with important offices. In 1779, he was appointed chief engineer to the St. Juan expedition, and conducted himself so as to obtain distinguished attention and praise from Captain Polson, who commanded on that occasion. He also received the thanks of the council and assembly of the island of Jamaica, for the construction of public works there, and was, in consequence of these services, appointed by the governor of Jamaica to be commander-in-chief of the island of Rattan and its dependencies, and of the troops there, and to rank as lieutenant-colonel and field-engineer, and commanded as such on the Spanish main, in Rattan, and on the Musquito shore and Bay of Honduras. After this,

at Cape Gracias a Dios he put himself at the head of the inhabitants, who voluntarily solicited him to take the command, and re-took from the Spaniards Black River, the principal settlement of the coast. For this service he received the thanks of the governor, council, and assembly of Jamaica, and of the king himself. In 1783, he was promoted to the rank of colonel. In 1784, he was appointed first commissioner for settling and receiving the territory ceded to Britain by the sixth article of the definitive treaty of peace with Spain in 1783. He as a colonel so well discharged his duty, that he was appointed superintendant of his majesty's affairs on the coast of Honduras, which office he held much to the advantage of the crown of England, for he obtained from that of Spain some very important privileges. The clashing interests, however, of the inhabitants of this coast produced much discontent, and the colonel was by a party of them accused of various misdemeanors to his majesty's ministers. He now came home, and demanded that his conduct should be investigated, but was, after two years constant attendance on all the departments of government, at last told by ministers, that there was no charge against him worthy of investigation; that his majesty had thought proper to abolish the office of superintendant at Honduras, otherwise he should have been reinstated in it. But he was then, and on every occasion, assured that his services should not be forgotten, but in due time meet their reward.

Great Public Characters.

NO. 8.

JOHN HORNE TOOKE, ESQ.

THIS celebrated political character is the son of a very respectable tradesman at the west end of the town. An early display of talents excited his parents to educate him for an ecclesiastic, and having passed through the regular course of academic instruction, he was appointed to a cure at Brentford. Had Mr. Horne adhered to the honorable profession for which he had been educated, there is little doubt but he would have attained to high preferment in the church. His abilities as a preacher rendered him very popular; but the restless turbulency of ambition impelled him to quit the pulpit, to harangue at public assemblies on political subjects. John Wilkes, at one time the idol of the populace, the apostle of liberty, was now in the zenith of his glory. Mr. Horne neglected the weighty concerns of his pastoral charge to become the *aid-de-camp* of this champion for the liberties of the people.* For a long period of time he exerted himself strenuously in support of Wilkes. Unfortu-

* There are some prints to be met with, entitled "The Three Johns," in which Mr. Horne is drawn in his canonicals, seated between Wilkes and Glynne.

nately a dispute on a subject of the most trivial nature arose between these *immaculate children of light*, and their enmity became greater than ever their friendship had been. About this time, being assailed by the celebrated Junius, he took up his pen merely in his own defence, and throughout a very smart contest, acquitted himself in such a manner, that his great opponent at length quitted the field without obtaining any advantage over him:

Mr. Horne was yet a minister of religion, and in consequence of the breach, preached a sermon on the instability of human friendship. This discourse he printed about the year 1769 or 1770, and dedicated it to Alderman Townsend. The language of this sermon was uncommonly beautiful; the allusions to Mr. Wilkes very pointed. The little attention paid by Mr. Horne to his clerical duties being swallowed up in the vortex of politics, exposed him to censure, and occasioned him to resign his gown. Mr. Tooke, a gentleman of fortune, fascinated by the display of patriotism in Parson Horne, had transferred to him some estates, which caused him to assume the name of Tooke. He now became an advocate for popular freedom on his own foundation, and published many spirited pamphlets at the commencement of the American war, which frequently exposed him to legal prosecutions. Fearless of consequences, Mr. Tooke zealously inculcated the necessity of a complete reform in the parliamentary representation of the people. The discussion of such a subject required a delicate attention to

present circumstances, especially after the commencement of the French revolution, when a desperate set of men seemed to threaten this country with a repetition of those horrors which disgraced that event.

The language of Mr. Tooke was bold and impassioned, and his conduct laid him open to suspicion of being unfriendly to government.— In May, 1794, he was committed to the Tower, upon a charge of high treason, tried and acquitted in November the same year. Soon after, (1796) he stood as candidate to represent the city of Westminster in parliament, but was unsuccessful. He was afterwards, through the interest of a noble lord, elected for the borough of Old Sarum, and sat in the house during the remainder of the sessions. A bill having passed, rendering ineligible all persons who had been in holy orders, Mr. Tooke was precluded from again sitting in parliament. Mr. Tooke interested himself strenuously in support of Sir Francis Burdett, at the late election for the county of Middlesex; and it has been asserted, some of the addresses of Sir Francis were under his inspection. However mistaken this gentleman may be in some of his political theories, yet the firmness and consistency of his conduct evinces integrity of heart. He has wrested the palm from Wilkes, and while the latter went to his grave, “shorn of all his honors,” the former has maintained his independence.

The literary talents of Mr. Tooke are great, especially as lexicographer. His “Diversions of Purley” are much esteemed.



VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

COVENT-GARDEN.

A NEW comedy, entitled *John Bull, or an Englishman's Fire-side*, written by Mr. Colman, was produced at this theatre on Saturday evening, March 5, the principal characters were thus represented :

Peregrine.....	Mr. Cooke.
Sir Simon Rochdale.....	Mr. Blanchard.
Frank Rochdale	Mr. H. Johnston.
Lord Fitz Balaam.....	Mr. Waddy.
Hon. Tom. Shuffleton....	Mr. Lewis.
Job Thornberry.....	Mr. Fawcett.
Dennis Bulruddery.....	Mr. Johnstone.
Dan	Mr. Emery.

Lady Caroline Braymore... Mrs. Johnston.
Mrs. Bulruddery..... Mrs. Davenport.
Mary Thornberry..... Mrs. Gibbs.

The scene lies in Cornwall, and is composed of rather simple materials. Mr. Colman has constructed a dramatic edifice, which will long continue a monument of his genius, literary taste, and profound knowledge of stage effect. Disdaining to bring to his aid the too common auxiliaries of scenic decoration and dazzling spectacle, and taking the sure ground of nature for the foundation of his work, he has raised upon it a most elegant structure, formed upon such true and rational principles, as to leave little doubt of its stability, while it excites the just and genuine admiration of every beholder. In all its different parts are found abundant objects to arrest our serious attention, while the light decorations that frequently break in upon our view cause a pleasing variety, and form a most happy relief to the general interest that is felt in the contemplation of the scene. The vitiated style of what is termed the New School, is throughout the whole held up to merited ridicule, and in few instances does the author depart from the true rules of the legitimate English drama. The plot is regular, and the incidents, however, various, preserve a necessary connection. The dramatic unities of time and place are well attended to, and the most laughable ideas are frequently contrasted with natural feeling the most tender and refined. The interest is well preserved throughout, and, what

is seldom witnessed in similar productions of the present day, the audience is kept in a state of suspense with respect to the *denouement* until the concluding scene of the piece. The dialogue is exceedingly neat and classical, often nervous and impressive. In the character of *Peregrine*, (which Cooke very ably sustains), the most pure and noble sentiments are uniformly displayed; the moral of the whole is unexceptionable, and strict poetical justice is in the end universally administered. Of the comic department too much cannot be said in commendation. The character of *Bulruddery*, an honest Irishman, who keeps the Red Cow inn, is drawn in a most masterly style, and exhibits the most diverting specimens of low Irish humour ever yet produced upon an English stage. To this part Johnstone does the most ample justice: he never appears without convulsing the audience with laughter, and it is due to him to say, that a more able and entertaining representation of this description has perhaps never been witnessed on this or any other stage. It must, however, be observed, that he deals more in puns and quibbles than in bulls.—*Shuffleton* is a depraved beau of the present day, and through him is the lash of irony most justly and happily directed. In some parts of this character, however, the language may be considered as somewhat too loose, and in less skilful hands than those of Lewis, much serious risque would, in all probability, have attended the fashionable adventure of young *Shuffleton*. But Lewis, knowing his precarious ground, trod it

with all necessary caution, and with much adroitness got successfully to the end of his journey. *Sir Simon Rochdale* is not a very prominent character in the piece: he is a testy old justice of peace, greatly priding himself upon his title and consequence, and has a most able representative in Blanchard. *Dan* is a clown, represented by Emery, who contributed in no mean degree to the merriment of the scene.—*Thornberry*, an honest blunt Englishman, by trade a brazier, is a well-drawn character: Fawcett performed this part extremely well, and was very happy in the expression of his feelings with regard to his seduced daughter: though once on the eve of bankruptcy, the *brazier* never wanted a sufficient stock of *brass* to answer every purpose, and with the trifling aid of a friend, soon surmounted his difficulties. The audience entered fully into the spirit of this part, and many a tear was shed in the scene where the distracted father takes his injured daughter once more to his bosom, with the manly determination of avenging her wrongs. H. Johnson portrayed in tolerably correct colours the feelings of injured love; and Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. H. Johnston, and Mrs. Davenport acquitted themselves with credit in their several parts of *Mary Thornberry*, *Lady Caroline*, and *Mrs. Bulruddery*.

Though the characters boast but little novelty, the interest excited is great, and the *tout ensemble* forms a rich fund of genuine amusement. A lyrical epilogue was sung by Johnstone to excellent tune; it contains many

points extremely whimsical and laughable, and produced so powerful an effect, that the audience pretty generally called for and obtained a repetition of it.* The comedy was announced for a second representation, and has been repeated almost every playing night since with general applause. On the eighth night of representation it was honored with royal approbation.

On Tuesday, March 22, a trifle called the *Captive*, from the pen of Mr. M. G. Lewis, was performed for the first time after the favorite comedy of *John Bull*. This wretched piece of heavy bombast was entitled by the author a *mono-drama*, because, we suppose, it consisted of *one* scene and *one* character (performed by Mrs. Lichfield). The audience, after a patient hearing, rendered the title still more applicable, by very justly determining that it should never be played more than *one* night.

DRURY-LANE.

At this theatre no novelty has occurred since our last worthy of notice. The tragedy of Pizarro is in preparation, and will speedily be produced.

* For the prologue and epilogue to this most excellent comedy, see our Parnassian Garland in our present number.

DEATH OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF
BRIDGWATER.

ON the 10th of March, at five o'clock in the morning, expired, after a short illness, at his mansion in Cleveland-square, in the 67th year of his age, his grace Francis Egerton, Duke of Bridgwater. His grace's inferior titles were, Marquis of Brackley, Earl of Bridgwater, Viscount Brackley, and Baron Ellesmere. He was born on the 21st of May, 1736, and was never married. In consequence, the dukedom and marquise become extinct, but the earldom of Bridgwater and the subordinate titles devolve to the eldest son of his grace's relative, the late Bishop of Durham, the present General Egerton, member for Brackley.

Of those illustrious characters who have done honor, not only to the British [peerage, but to the name of Englishman, the late Duke of Bridgwater deserves to be placed in the first rank. That time and fortune which too many others, especially in the higher ranks, have devoted to purposes, if not injurious to society, at least useless to it, his grace spent in pursuits that entitle him to be considered as a benefactor of his country and a promoter of her commercial interests. Those great and stupendous works, known by the name of "The Duke of Bridgwater's Canals," so laudably and patriotically undertaken and brought to perfection by his grace, to the great temporary detriment of his

private fortune, are too well and generally known to be here described. In all that part of the country their great and growing utility is most sensibly experienced, and to these the port of Liverpool is in a great degree indebted for its present opulence and prosperity. Of late years those works have been exceedingly productive, and are understood to have afforded abundant returns to their illustrious projector.

His grace, we understand, has left a will, by which he bequeaths all his immense property in a very clear and circumstantial manner. His canals are left to Earl Gower, with reversion to his second son, and a strict entail upon his heirs, in failure of whom they go to the heirs male of the lord chief baron, and failing them, to the children of the Bishop of Carlisle. His pictures are entailed in the same line. To General Egerton (now Earl of Bridgewater) he bequeaths the estate of Ashbridge, in Hertfordshire, and other estates in Shropshire and Yorkshire, to the amount of 30,000*l.* per annum.

His grace died in a very easy way: he fell into a slumber at twelve o'clock at night, and slept apparently composedly till three, when he spoke to his attendants. He fell again into a slumber, and at four his servants found him quite dead. He expired without a struggle or a groan.

On the 16th, his remains were conveyed from his town residence, in order to be deposited in the vault of his noble ancestors, at Little Gaddesden, Hertfordshire.

The event of his grace's demise will cause a vacancy in the house of commons for the borough of Brackley, in Northamptonshire, in consequence of General Egerton, its present representative, succeeding to the peerage.

This great character was a decided enemy to matrimony, and his grace's dislike is confidently said to have originated in the following circumstance:—Very early in life, one of his juvenile friends requested his company in the country, when he would have an opportunity of seeing a young lady whom his friend was on the point of marrying. The lady was very handsome, but (no uncommon case with handsome women) she had less fidelity than beauty; and though on the eve of matrimony, she took a sudden liking to the duke, with whom she had an amour, which did not terminate in marriage. Perhaps she was allured by the title of duchess. The duke, however, reflecting on her conduct to his friend, and the easy sacrifice she had made of her honor, not only refused to marry her, but conceived such an indelible disgust against the levity of the sex (very improperly condemning all for one) that he determined never to accompany a woman to the altar!—On this part of his grace's conduct, much might, perhaps, be said by those who may be more immediately acquainted with the relative circumstances of the affair.

FASHIONS OF LONDON AND PARIS.

LONDON.

FOR Full Dress.—THE hair covered with a scarlet net of twisted silk, *a l' Italiene*, to hang down loose over the back ; a band of bugles to be bound over the forehead, the hair parted in front, to be curled, but not with the regular uniformity of late so conspicuous.

A Short Dress of buff velvet, trimmed with broad white lace ; tucker of white lace, drawn low round the bosom ; sleeves extremely short, with broad white lace, made tight to the arm ; petticoat of white crape, with a moderate train, and ornamented with a vandyked border of bugles ; amber necklace, and sandals laced with amber-coloured ribbon.

For Walking.—A bonnet of amber-coloured velvet, with feathers of the same, made large, with one corner hanging from the crown, and trimmed with white lace : veil of deep white lace. Spencer of buff or pale blue velvet, left open at the bosom ; a chemise of cambric, frilled with lace, to button over the bosom and down to the feet, the bottom trimmed with lace ; white muff and tippet.

General Remarks.—Artificial flowers, highly scented, are much worn by a few fashionable females at the opera. Small white satin bags, with a cypher in spangles, are general accompaniments, containing a pocket handkerchief, smelling-bottle, &c.—this is an improvement on the French costume of pockets outside. The hair is less curled than formerly, and it is fa-

shionable to be somewhat pale. Bosom-friends are again in vogue—their grateful warmth is more appreciated. Ostrich feathers are in great repute. Small handkerchiefs of black lace, spangled with gold or silver, are worn crossed over the bosom, or occasionally upon the head.

PARISIAN.

Entertainments and balls have of late ceased to assemble any but family parties, in which no expensive formalities of dress are observed. Head dresses, in which the hair is worn *a la Ninon*, brocade turbans, and satin hats, are still in fashion. On the front of most of the hats is what the dress-makers call a *bubble*. It is a succession of plates extending to a certain breadth: it is made of crape, or a species of lace. It has its origin from the *toquet* caps.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

REBUS.

ON A GOOD HUSBAND.

Mind	Got
Kind	Lot
Will	Wise
Still	Rise
Debt	Frown
Fret	Down
Thinking	Labour
Drinking	Neighbour.

We have not been favored with an answer to the Enigma in our last number. We shall thank some of our young readers to display their ingenuity on that and the above occasion.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR MARCH, 1803.

PROLOGUE

To the
NEW COMEDY OF JOHN BULL.

BY MR. T. DIBDIN.

SO you're all here—box, pit, and gallery full
Of British jurors, come to try John Bull.
“Who acts John Bull?” methinks I hear you say;
No character's so nam'd in all the play.
“The title's then a trick!”—We scorn the charge,
John Bull is British Character at large;
'Tis he, or he, where'er you mark a wight
Revering law, yet resolute for right.
Plain, blunt, his heart with feeling, justice full,
That is a Briton—that's (thank Heaven) John Bull.
And John, till now, we set it down for certain,
Has always ta'en his seat *before* the curtain:
And so he does, no matter where your places,
I see his gen'rous mind in all your faces.
Whether he sits by sweetheart, friend, or bride,
John Bull's as warm as at his own *fire-side*.
Look up aloft, and you may safely swear,
He's *highly* pleas'd, close to his lass—just there:

That hand, which round her waist is kindly thrown,
Should any He *mislist*, would knock him down !
For John is still (as tells the lyric page)
A lamb in love—a lion in his rage.
Where fashion's polish shews him more refin'd,

[Boxes.

John, still to social gaiety inclin'd,
Freely, tho' aim'd at by satiric whim,
Laughs with the bards who raise the laugh at him.
Or look below, and you may see him sit,
Gracing, with critic state, an English pit ;
To whom, thus midway plac'd, I say, be kind,
John Bull *before*, oh spare John Bull *behind* !

[Pointing off.

Should you condemn, *sans* mercy, the poor elf,
'Twere suicide for John to kill *himself*.
Nor blame the fear which makes the bard thus sue,
John Bull ne'er trembles but at facing you,

EPILOGUE TO JOHN BULL,

As sung by Mr. Johnstone.

SINCE epilogue-speaking to me is quite new,
Pray allow me the help of a fiddle or two :
I'm as strange to this job as the man in the moon,
But I think, if I *sing*, I shall *speak* to some tune.
Tol de rol, &c.

Now touching this comedy, critics may say,
'Tis a trumperry, Bartlemy-fair kind of play :
It smells, faith, of Smithfield,, we all must allow,
For it's all about Bull, and the scene's the Red Cow.

Yet not without moral the author indites,
For he points to the blessings of Englishmen's
rights,

Let a duke wrong a brazier, the barristers all
Know that brass can do wonders at Westminster-
hall.

But was ever a tale so improbable told,
As *Peregrine* swimming with large lumps of gold !
Should a man who sinks cash, with cash try to swim,
For a pound to a shilling, his cash will sink him.

Let us find some excuse for this strange oversight,
Let's suppose that his guineas were all of 'em light :
Nay, the guineas for grappling the shore he might
thank—

'Tis amazing of late how they stick in the Bank !

One circumstance keeps probability's law,
A beautiful female commits a *faux-pas*—
That's nature—but critics, who don't praise in haste,
Will certainly not call the incident chaste.

Now in art, if not nature, *Tom Shuffleton's* found,
He's one of those puppies who better were drown'd ;
Of the worst Bond-street litter—such whelps none
admire,
Chuck 'em all in the Thames—they won't set it on
fire.

Now I've touch'd on the principal points of the
play,
Shall it run a few nights, or to-night run away ?
Your votes, friends and critics, we now rest upon :
The ayes have it, I think, tho' it mayn't be *nem.*
con.

Oh ! Mr. *Dennis Bulruddery* lives with his dear ;
They're in style, and agree just like thunder and
beer.

An Irishman's blunders are pretty well hackt,
But how charmingly sure Mr. JOHNSTONE did act !

Then success to John Bull—let this toast be his
pride,
Bless the king of John Bull, and John Bull's fire-
side.
At John Bull's fire-side should a foe dare to frown,
May John ne'er want a poker to knock the foe
down!

SONNET.

WHILE on fair *Deva's* rippling tide,
The beams of *Cynthia* play,
Along her sedgy wizard side
In thoughtful mood I stray.

Now with the breeze from yonder hill
The sweetest music floats—
'Tis Philomel, with heavenly thrill,
That tunes her soothing notes.

Now borne aloft on fancy's wings,
I touch some darling strain,
While echo from the mountain springs,
And hastens o'er the plain.

Thus, far from haunts of senseless joy,
From city's noisome air,
From cares which worldly fools employ,
Untainted bliss I share.

Banks of the Dee,
March 15, 1803.

R. J.

ELEGIAC LINES

To the Memory of

MISS BELLA PACKWOOD,

Of the King's Theatre, Haymarket, who died Feb. 6, 1803, aged 15.

By W. C. Oulton, Esq.

WHERE those smiles of love benign,
Those which every heart enslave !

Where that countenance divine—
Where ?—Alas ! in *Bella's* grave !

Where those manners which delight,
Teaching others to behave ?
Where those thrilling eyes so bright ?
Clos'd, alas ! in *Bella's* grave !

Where those little sportive ways
Which to all such pleasure gave ?
Oh ! the mirth of former days
Makes us weep o'er *Bella's* grave !

Soon, too soon, this life she ends—
Vain is mortal power to save !
Best of daughters, sisters, friends
Lies, alas ! in *Bella's* grave !

Cease, fond mourners, wherefore sigh ?
Gracious Heav'n its *own* will have !
And an angel soars on high,
Soars on high—from *Bella's* grave !

Who shall say, then, *she's no more*—
Who thus impiously shall rave ?
Is she lost ? no—*gone before*—
Joy and peace 'tend *Bella's* grave !

The following Lines (from the same pen) are intended for her Tombstone.

She's gone, whose smiles the utmost cheer bestow'd,
Whose tears for 'sorrows not her own' have flow'd!
That sympathy, the height of christian love,
Insures her now eternal bliss above!

VERSES ADDRESSED TO MR. H—,
ON RELEASING A BIRD CAUGHT BY LIME.

HUMANITY's a debt the happy owe
To those who misery's sorrows know;
Pleasure delightful, the wretched to assist,
Drive grief away, and clear misfortune's mist!
Let Greece of her great Alexander sing,
And Cæsar's praise thro' Heaven's high arches ring,
For kingdoms conquer'd, and for ravag'd towns,
Fam'd were their victories—laurels were their
crowns.

What their reward, but the shrill orphan's cry,
The tender parent's tear, the wretched widow's
sigh?—

Thy triumphs, generous H—, far nobler be,
In setting one poor trembling captive free:
For smiling pity, soft celestial maid,
Applauds the deed—the muses lend their aid,
Be this my humble verse, thy praise to sing:
The flattering warbler, now again on wing,
Through the wide region of created air
Shall thy kind act and gentle soul declare!
To Heaven's high chancery its notes shall rise,
And grateful carols echo through the skies.
Canterbury.

A SONG

For the Festival of the Marine Society,

February 24, 1803.

BY JAMES PARKINSON.

Tune.... "Come cheer up, my Lads, 'tis to Glory we steer."
(The last four lines of each verse to be repeated as Chorus, after having
been sung by the single voice.)

THE acorns their germs, without culture unfold,
And groves of young oaks break their fostering
mould :

See thousands expand their bold leaves of bright
green,

By fancy their free-spreading branches are seen.

Whilst attach'd to their soil, they are firm too
and free ;

In this, with our oaks, do

Our Britons agree too,

In this, with our oaks, do our Britons agree.

The oaklings, when choak'd up with weeds, soon
decay,

Some run up too weak, and some wither away :

The mischief the woodman now strives to repair—

They freely from Heaven get warmth, light, and
air.

Now they've room they expand, they flourish
whilst free ;

In this, with our oaks, do

Our Britons agree too,

In this, with our oaks, do our Britons agree.

By culture thus aided, they almost exceed

In vigor what nature for them had decreed ;

The comforts of life then they soon help to form,

And aiding their country, will weather a storm.

In weathering a storm, to keep Englishmen
free,

With Britons our oaks do
Exactly agree too,
With Britons our oaks do exactly agree.

The infantine race of the poor too abound,
With those in whom beauty and vigor are found :
So noble their looks, they all seem to declare,
“ We Britons are born to be free as the air.”

They're noble and graceful, they're firm too
and free ;

In this, with our oaks, do
Our saplings agree too,
In this, with our oaks, do our saplings agree.

If these saplings of man no culture obtain,
They wither away before manhood they gain ;
But you, like the woodman, your aid still bestow,
And snatch them from vice, and redeem them from
woe.

By culture they're render'd more vig'rous and
free ;

In this, with our oaks, do
Our saplings agree too,
In this, with our oaks, do our saplings agree.

To society saved, its sweets they enjoy,
And in arts or in arms their powers employ ;
Their debt to their country they ne'er will deny,
But for those who sav'd them will conquer or die.

In weath'ring the storm to keep Englishmen
free,

May these saplings with oaks
Exactly agree too,
May these saplings with oaks too exactly agree !

INSCRIPTION

ON THE MONUMENT OF GEORGE STEVENS, ESQ.

The Commentator on Shakespeare.

BY W. HAYLEY, ESQ.

PEACE to these reliques ! once the bright attire
Of spirit sparkling with no common fire !
How oft has pleasure, in the social hour,
Smil'd at his wit's exhilarating pow'r !
And truth attested, with delight intense,
The serious charms of his colloquial sense !
His talents, varying as the diamond's ray,
Could strike the grave, or fascinate the gay ;
His critic labours, of unwearied force,
Collected light from ev'ry distant source ;
Want, with such true beneficence, he cheer'd,
All that his bounty gave, his zeal endear'd.
Learning as vast as mental pow'r could seize,
In sport displaying and with graceful ease ;
Lightly the stage of chequer'd life he trod,
Careless of chance—confiding in his God !

A RESOLUTION.

Spoken extempore.

AS wishing will neither procure nor prevent,
I hope to continue my state of content,
And yield to my lot with a proper submission,
And think myself blest in my present condition.
I'll not wish for riches, because of their snares,
Nor yet for more business, because of their cares,
But thankfully use what the bounty of Heav'n
Has furnish'd as needful, nor sparingly given.

A mind free from guilt, and possessing true peace,
O these are the riches I wish to increase !
For a state betwixt ease and a constant employ,
Is the state I would choose, and the state I enjoy.

O. P.

VERSES

ON A SPANIEL, CALLED BEAU, KILLING A YOUNG BIRD.

Extracted from Hayley's Life of Cowper, just published.

A SPANIEL, Beau, that fares like you,
Well fed, and at his ease,
Should wiser be, than to pursue
Each trifle that he sees

But you have kill'd a tiny bird,
Which flew not till to-day,
Against my orders, whom you heard
Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill, that you might eat,
And ease a doggish pain,
For him, tho' chas'd with furious heat,
You left where he was slain.

Nor was he of the thievish sort,
Or one whom blood allures,
But innocent was all his sport,
Whom you have torn for yours.

My dog, what remedy remains,
Since teach you all I can,
I see you, after all my pains,
So much resemble man ?

BEAU'S REPLY.

SIR, when I flew to seize the bird,
In spite of your command,
A louder voice than your's I heard,
And harder to withstand :

You cried, "Forbear !" but in my breast
A mightier cried, "Proceed !"
'Twas nature; Sir, whose strong behest
Impelled me to the deed.

Yet much as nature I respect,
I ventur'd once to break
(As you perhaps may recollect)
Her precept for your sake :

And when your linnet, on a day,
Passing his prison door,
Had flutter'd all his strength away,
And panting press'd the floor,

Well knowing him a sacred thing,
Not destined to my tooth,
I only kiss'd his ruffled wing,
And lick'd his feathers smooth.

Let my obedience then excuse
My disobedience now ;
Nor some reproof yourself refuse
From your aggriev'd Bow-wow :

If killing birds be such a crime
(Which I can hardly see),
What think you, Sir, of killing time
With verse address'd to me ?

Literary Review.

The Life and posthumous Works of William Cowper, Esq. with an Introductory Letter to the Right Hon. Earl Cowper. By William Hayley, Esq. Two Vols. quarto. Johnson.

THE instruction and entertainment which we have all received from the works of Cowper, make us wish for an acquaintance with his biography: and here indeed Mr. Hayley, a brother-poet, has amply gratified us—he has written the life of his friend with judgment and industry. Mr. Cowper was born at Berkhamstead. He was the son of a clergyman, and his mother died when he was young, but he most affectionately cherished her memory. He was designed for the law, and would have been distinguished, on account of his connections; but he quitted the profession, by reason of an excessive timidity—a quality which, in that line, would least of all ensure success. Taken into the family of Mr. Unwin, a clergyman at Huntingdon, he resided there till *his* death, when he removed with the widow to Olney, in Buckinghamshire. A few other removes were made, but this venerable lady acted the part of

a mother towards him, which was the more acceptable to him, as he was subject at times to great dejection, even so as to constitute insanity. It was in his lucid intervals that he wrote his admirable poem, the *Task*, and made his translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer into blank verse. He died May 3d, 1800, at East Dereham, Norfolk, with so much ease, that five persons who were in the room were not apprised of the event.

Mr. Hayley has interwoven with the life a great number of excellent letters written by Mr. C. to his various correspondents. It is impossible not to feel a reverence for the talents, virtue, and piety of this truly original poet, who has on so many occasions contributed to our instruction and amusement. It is remarkable, that though he never married, yet he had a great regard for the ladies, and was highly regarded by them. Their conversation seemed to be the best remedy for that sad dejection to which he was subject: hence it is to a lady of the name of Austen that we are indebted for "The Task," who died on the 12th of August, 1802, at Paris. Her Epitaph, by Mr. Hayley, is well worth insertion:—

Honor and peace, ye guardians kindly just,
Fail not in duty to this hallow'd dust!
And mortals (all whose cultur'd spirits know
Joys that pure faith and heavenly verse bestow),
Passing this tomb, its buried inmate bless,
And obligation to her powers confess,

Who, when she graced this earth in AUSTEN's
 name,
 Wak'd in a poet inspiration's flame !
 Remov'd by counsel, like the voice of spring,
 Fetters of diffidence from fancy's wing ;
 Sent the freed eagle in the sun to bask,
 And from the mind of COWPER called the *Task* !

The work is embellished with two likenesses
 of Cowper, and enriched with many valuable
 original pieces of poetry.

TO MY COUSIN, ANNE BODHAM,

*On receiving from her a Net-work Purse made by herself,
 (May 4, 1793.)*

My gentle Anne, whom heretofore,
 When I was young, and thou no more
 Than plaything for a nurse,
 I danc'd and fondled on my knee,
 A kitten both in size and glee,
 I thank thee for my purse.

Gold pays the worth of all things here,
 But not of love—that gem's too dear
 For richest rogues to win it ;
 I therefore, as a proof of love,
 Esteem thy present far above
 The best things kept within it.

There are also many pleasing translations
 from the Greek and Latin. Of the Greek take
 the following specimen :

AN EPITAPH.

My name, my country, what are they to thee ?
 What whether base or proud my pedigree ?

Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men,
 Perhaps I fell below them all—what then ?
 Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb :
 Thou know'st its use, it hides—no matter whom !

From the Latin, these lines are impressive :

SUN-SET AND SUN-RISE.

Contemplate, when the sun declines,
 Thy death with deep reflection !
 And when again he rising shines,
 Thy day of resurrection !

We have mentioned Mrs. Unwin as being a mother to the poet in his deep afflictions ; her Epitaph, therefore, we add, inscribed on a marble tablet in Dereham church, Norfolk, where she was buried, 1796 :

Trusting in God with all her heart and mind,
 This woman prov'd magnanimously kind,
 Endur'd affliction's desolating hail,
 And watch'd a poet thro' misfortune's vale.
 Her spotless dust angelic guards defend,
 It is the dust of UNWIN—*Cowper's friend* !
 That single title in itself is fame,
 For all who read his verse revere her name !

That the amiable and pious Cowper (for such he appears to have been from this Life, as well as from his writings) should have received such substantial benefits from the fair sex, only serves to confirm and heighten the idea we have always entertained of the services rendered to us by that amiable portion of mankind. Every thing, therefore, ought to be done by us to promote their comfort and felicity.

An Account of the English Colony in New South Wales, from its Settlement in January, 1788, to August, 1801; with Remarks on the Dispositions, Customs, and Manners, &c. of the native Inhabitants of that Country. To which are added, some Particulars of New Zealand, &c. By Lieu. Colonel Collins, of the Royal Marines, late Judge-Advocate and Secretary of the Colony. Illustrated by Engravings. In two Vols. quarto.

THIS gentleman published a volume of this work some time ago, and it was well received by the public. He now offers a second, equally full of information respecting that remote region of the globe: nature there wantons in her wildest vagaries, and indeed the island is distinguished by its fertility. As to the convicts, woeful anecdotes are detailed of their depravity: beside the common use of imprisonment and whipping, many have been executed. The stores are frequently broke open, the gaols burnt down to the ground, and murders are often committed amongst them. There are some, however, of the convicts who behave very well, and of course receive every proper treatment. And indeed could banishment be made to produce amendment, thousands who are now outcasts for their crimes, might with safety be returned back into the lap of the community.

The Praise of Paris, or a Sketch of the French Capital; in Extracts of Letters from France, in the Summer of 1802. By S.W. F.R.S. F.A.S.

WE understand that this piece falls from the pen of a reverend clergyman of the name of *Weston*: his lucubrations are curious—it is impossible that the *connoisseur* should not be gratified with them. The *extracts* are very short, otherwise, were they whole letters, we should quarrel with their brevity. The French metropolis will by and bye be pretty well known to Englishmen. On this, and other subjects relative to France, the public will soon be glutted with publications. However, it is but proper that we should be acquainted with our neighbours: the late long and bitter contest kept us apart, and has induced us to entertain tremendous ideas of each other. This will gradually wear off with intercourse, and then we shall be more competent judges of the wonderful revolution which has recently happened amongst them. It becomes us to think as well as act with propriety.

Annals of Philosophy, Natural History, Chemistry, Literature, Agriculture, Fine Arts, for 1801. By several Gentlemen.

THIS is a most instructive and useful compilation, made with judgment and industry.—The only article which we will here notice is *Galvanism*, now becoming so favorite a study in

the literary world; and strong hopes are entertained of its becoming eminently beneficial to mankind. In paralytic cases, rheumatism, and debility of every kind, it has already proved of wonderful efficacy. The fluid is produced by copper and zinc plates with pieces of cloth placed between them dipped in water containing a portion of sal-almoniac. It has some similarity to electricity, though it is certainly different both in its nature and effect. In the body of Foster (executed lately for the murder of his wife) it produced some very convulsive motions; and it is thought that even life may be restored in suspended animation. Means therefore are now taking for its application by the Humane Society.

The Christian Remembrancer, or short Reflections upon the Faith, Life, and Conduct of a real Christian. Sixth Edition, with Corrections. Jones.

THIS religious treatise, written by a layman, dedicated to that christian philanthropist, the late John Thornton, Esq. embraces a vast variety of subjects. The theoretical and practical branches of christianity are treated with great plainness and simplicity. It is designed, not to satisfy a vain and idle curiosity, but to promote the great purposes of benevolence and piety. To a large portion of the religious world it cannot fail of proving highly acceptable, and *all* will admire its tendency. When so much has been written in a controversial style, by which the understanding has been per-

plexed and the temper spoiled, we turn with pleasure to performances of this nature—they impart real satisfaction. It were to be wished that christians of every denomination would unite more cordially for the diffusion of that love to God and love to man, which is the sum and substance of christianity.

The Works of Virgil, translated into English Verse by Mr. Dryden. A new Edition, revised and corrected by John Carey, L.L.D.

THE translation of Virgil by Dryden has been long and justly admired for its perspicuity, energy, and fidelity. He published it when almost seventy years of age, and the editor supposes that it was printed so carelessly, that even the proof sheets were left to the mercy of a printer. Add to this circumstance, that the repetition of editions only augmented the errors, so that the present revision of the work was much wanted. Dr. Carey, therefore, has undertaken the humble but laborious task, and executed it with his usual ability. Numerous corrections are made, which have produced considerable amendment. The learned editor meant to have added *notes*: we wish that they had been inserted by way of illustration; we should have read notes from such a quarter with avidity. As it is, however, the work may be pronounced a very acceptable present to the literary world.

The Improvement of the Mind; being a Supplement to the Art of Logic. By Isaac Watts, L.L.D. 3s. 6d. boards. Jones.

WE have had occasion, in a former number of our Miscellany, to make very creditable mention of a neat edition of Dr. Watts' Art of Logic, printed with a nonpareil type, in 32mo, or small pocket size : of the work before us we speak as respectfully, it being printed uniformly, and with equal elegance and correctness.—The *Improvement of the Mind*, as well as its celebrated author, are too well known to render it necessary for us to pass any commendation on them in this place ; we shall therefore content ourselves with observing, that it is but doing justice to such an invaluable work, to bring it forward in a manner, at once so elegant and convenient.

The Nonconformist's Memorial; being an Account of the Lives, Sufferings, and printed Works of the Two Thousand Ministers ejected from the Church of England, chiefly by the Act of Uniformity, Aug. 24, 1662. Originally written by Edmund Calamy, D.D. Abridged, corrected, and methodized, with many Anecdotes, and several new Lives, by Samuel Palmer. The Second Edition. In three Volumes. Embellished with Heads of the principal Divines, chiefly from original Pictures.

IN former numbers of the Monthly Visitor, we noticed the appearance of the two first volumes of this valuable publication ; and we are

now happy in being able to announce its completion. On a general review of the work, we have been highly gratified, and are of opinion, that the serious enquirer will derive much interest from the perusal of it. Every page indeed furnishes manifest instances of the good providence of God to those who seek him, and put their trust and sole confidence in his mercy; and the singular means by which the purposes of an all-wise Creator are finally effected, appear in numerous instances.

The improvements in the present edition are very considerable, and for which, we understand the religious world are *principally indebted* to the creditable and unwearied exertions of Mr. Isaac James, of Bristol. The portraits, from original paintings, are admirable specimens of the abilities of the respective artists employed in the graphic department; and the letter-press is neatly executed.

Eccentric Biography, or Memoirs of Remarkable Characters, &c. ancient and modern. Vol. I. 18mo. Hurst. 4s. 6d.—Eccentric Female Biography, &c. Vol. II. Same Size and Price,

IN announcing to the public the *second edition* of Vol. I. of *Eccentric Biography*, it is necessary to observe, that not only the plan of the work has been changed, but so many improvements have been made, that we may justly call it an entire new volume. Besides the addition of several truly whimsical characters, the editor has very judiciously omitted some which ap-

peared in the first edition, and which (as we pointed out on a former occasion) could not with propriety be included in *eccentric* memoirs. The female characters, which before were mingled with the men, are now selected, and form a second volume, the first being devoted to male characters only; and each volume is enriched with several engraved portraits (well executed) of the most singular characters in the work. These volumes are neatly and correctly printed, and we feel little hesitation in pronouncing them the best collection of characters of a peculiar description we have ever met with. The variety here presented cannot fail in gratifying curiosity, entertaining a leisure hour, and improving the mind, but what must still be a greater recommendation (particularly of the second volume) to female readers, who, as the editor observes, "may be naturally and indeed laudably desirous of *knowing themselves*, not a sentence, not a word is admitted that can give the least offence to the most reserved delicacy."

Retrospect of the Political World

FOR MARCH, 1803.

THE chief, and indeed the only article which calls for attention, is the *hostile* aspect which affairs have assumed since the publication of the last number of our Miscellany.

The PEACE (which came to us after an eight years' contest!) it was hoped would prove of

some duration; and we still flatter ourselves that our hopes shall not be disappointed. However, it may be proper to state, that some very unpleasant things have occurred, though the particular circumstances of offence have not transpired. That something indeed has happened of a disagreeable nature is unquestionable, and time will no doubt put into our possession a degree of information gratifying to our curiosity.

The public papers state vast preparations in the ports of France, which the FIRST CONSUL professes to be mere preparations for the reduction of St. Domingo; but reports are circulated of an inauspicious complexion respecting an invasion of this country. Certain it is that, on our part, orders are issuing for getting our ships in readiness—for replenishing our army, and embodying our militia in the several counties of the united kingdom. Appearances of hostility are strong, and a menacing aspect is assumed towards the continent. The ambitious and the interested may rejoice in the renewal of WAR: but for our parts, we deprecate the enormous evil, persuaded that the *blessings of Peace* are not only to be preferred in general, but that they are on every occasion indispensibly necessary to the welfare and prosperity of our beloved country.

*MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST*FOR MARCH, 1803.

1. **T**HE body of the late Col. Despard taken by his friends from Mount-row, opposite the Asylum, with a hearse and three mourning coaches, and interred near the north door of St. Paul's cathedral. The crowd was great, but when the grave was covered in, the people immediately and quietly dispersed. The city marshal was present, lest there should be any disturbance on the occasion.

2. The thanks of the royal Jennerian Institution are presented in form to his majesty, by whom Dr. Jenner (being one of the presenters) was most graciously received. It is indeed a very flattering circumstance that the vaccine inoculation should be so amply and liberally patronized by the royal family.

5. Singular robberies committed on hackney-coachmen by persons whom they had driven to some distance, and then put down in a retired spot. It is to be hoped that the vigilance of our police will soon check this abominable species of depredation.

8. Mr. Osborne, walking in the evening through Berkeley-square, met with a man running towards him, saying, that an old gentleman had just fallen down in a fit, "Pray, Sir, assist me in getting my master into a coach." Mr. O. immediately crossed to the spot, where he saw a man lying on the ground; on the in-

stant of his coming up with the man, the first who addressed him demanded his money, the other immediately jumped up, and with dreadful menaces seconded the demand, and robbed Mr. O. of his watch and money.

9. A dreadful fire, consuming twelve houses chiefly wood, broke out in Rosemary-lane.—The sky to some distance blazed with the reflection of the flames.

12. An extraordinary duel said to take place in Hyde-park, between two officers, the one belonging to the army, the other to the navy, in which they both fell! So bloody a business naturally interested the feelings of the public; many have enquired into the truth of this report, and some doubts are entertained of its validity.

14. A great press on the river, and even in the streets of the metropolis: so sudden was this business, that it excited the utmost astonishment.

15. A gentleman on horseback was riding along Providence-row towards the country, his horse suddenly took fright, owing to the turnpike-man attempting to seize the reins, and running off with great speed, made towards Finsbury-square. The gentleman threw himself off without injury. The horse, however, immediately after leaped into the area at the corner of the square next to Lackington's, carrying the iron railing along with him, where he was dashed to pieces!

17. Anniversary of St. Patrick held at the London Tavern, Earl Moira in the chair. The

company was very large and respectable, and some admirable speeches were delivered on the occasion.

19. The Prince of Wales gives a grand dinner to a select party of the highest persons of distinction—Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Bedford, Earl of Derby, Earl Moira, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Tierney, &c. whom he wishes to conciliate and bring together in the present state of the country.

23. Mrs. Billington, after long indisposition, took her place in the orchestra at the oratorio, and sung with her usual pathos and expression.

24. *Terry* and *Heald* hung, at the York assizes, for the murder of an old woman 67 years of age. The former confessed his guilt before trial, but at the place of execution insisted on the innocence of his comrade, and was quite furious on the occasion. He attempted to excite the multitude to a rescue. He sprung from off the scaffold, but was brought back by five or six men, and the rope forced over his head; when the platform fell, he clung to one of the posts, but being pushed off by the executioner, was at length suspended! His cap being torn to pieces in the scuffle, his face remained uncovered, and he exhibited all the agonies of suffocation!—It is remarkable that *Heald* never denied his guilt, but submitted to his fate with great resignation.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE,

H. ARKINSTATE and S. George, Burslem, potters. N. Ayres, Liverpool, earthenware man. T. Ballanger, Tiverton, Devon, innholder. J. Barker, Field Head, woodmonger. D. Barker, Winchcome, Gloucester, soap boiler. J. Baylis, Upton-on-Severn, Worcestershire. T. Bevan, Haverfordwest, shop keeper. W. Boardman, Liverpool, broker. H. Bourn, St. James's street, silk mercer. T. Brown jun. Wigmore street, baker. Anne Christopher, Blakedown, Worcestershire, iron manufacturer. J. Clements, Plymouth Dock, vintner. R. Clements, New Buckenham, Norfolk, shop keeper. J. Cooper sen. and J. Cooper jun. Sevenoaks, coopers. W. Crossley, Manchester, James Dow, Bush lane, Cannon street, merchant. J. Drayton, Carshalton, victualler. S. Edwards, Manchester, cotton spinner. J. Finnigan, Peckham Gap, calico and muslin dyer. J. Gibbons and W. Sherwood, Liverpool, merchants. J. F. Goring and Eliz. Johnson, St. Mary-Axe, merchants. J. Green, late of Reading, mealman. T. Harris, Waltham-Cross, pin maker. T. Harrison, Bishopwearmouth, merchant. W. Hitchin, Liverpool, merchant. W. Hord, York, merchant. T. Hunt, Leather lane, hardwareman. S. James, Bristol, pawn broker. R. James, Size lane, London, merchant. J. Inglis, late of Billiter square, merchant. W. P. Jogget, Bridgewater square, merchant. D. Jones, Havodrwyd, Carnarvonshire, horse dealer. J. Kilshaw, Liverpool, merchant. A. Leith, Shoe lane, smith. J. Maucauley, Liverpool, merchant. P. Malone, Manchester, shoe

maker. G. Martin, Suffolk street, Charing-Cross, watch maker. W. Morphew, Rotherford, Sussex, corn dealer. J. C. Nicoll, Goldsmith row, Hackney road, bricklayer. W. Pardoe, Clement's lane, ivory turner. J. A. Peacock, Broad street, Middlesex, cheesemonger. E. Read, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, miller. John Reddish, Sutton, Chester, corn factor. J. Richardson, Pocklington, Yorkshire, sheep jobber. S. Russelsheim, Goulston square, Whitechapel, merchant. J. Sale, Liverpool, broker. S. Shalcross and R. Barnes, Manchester, cotton manufacturers. J. Shepard, Bristol, hosier. W. Simpson, Clement's lane, merchant. H. Spalding, Metfield, Suffolk, grocer. T. Stowe, Broad-way, Worcester, butcher. J. Trench jun. Tokenhouse yard, merchant. R. Whitby, Manchester, cotton spinner. T. White jun. Stroud, Kent, coal merchant. J. Wigeld jun. Northallerton, mercer and grocer. T. Winter, Brewer st. optician. C. J. A. Witke, late of Colman street, merchant. W. Wood, Charlton street, Fitzroy square, cordwainer. J. Wright, Lamb street, Spital fields, cheesemonger.

REMARKABLE BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND
DEATHS IN MARCH, 1803.

BIRTHS.

AT Berlin, the Queen of Prussia, of a princess.

At Armagh (Ireland), the Rt. Hon. Lady Mary Ross, of a son.

At Castle Bernard, the Countess of Bandon of a son.

At Frankfort, in the county of Cork, the lady of the Hon. Col. W. Mordaunt Maitland, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Mary-le-bone church, by the Rev. Dr. Bingham, Godin Shiffner, Esq. to Miss Green.

Wm. Wass Longford, Esq. his Britannic majesty's consul at Tripoli, to Miss Peacocke, daughter of Marpaduke Peacocke, Esq. of Cavendish-square.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Wm. Naslewood, Esq. of Devonshire-street, Portland-place, to Miss Maria, Godsall, youngest daughter of Philip Godsall, Esq. of Hampstead.

Mr. Charles A. Loyd, to Miss Yorke, daughter of the Hon. C. Yorke.

W. Moore, Esq. of Doctors Commons, to Miss Price, daughter of the right hon. lord mayor.

At Langford, Mr. Minnett, aged 86, to a maiden of the same place, aged 65, after a close courtship of thirty years. This loving couple would probably have still continued to anticipate the charms of matrimony, but for the interference of a neighbouring clergyman, by whose advice they were induced to go to the altar of Hymen.

At Borneo, in the East Indies, Thomas Hunter, Esq. son of Wm. Hunter, Esq. late of Beccles, to Lady Honoria Pelham, an heiress, in possession of 100,000l.

DEATHS.

Suddenly, at his house in Piccadilly, Major-gen. D'Oyley. He was at the levee on the 2d of this month, went in perfect health, accompanied by his lady, on the following evening, to a concert in Pall Mall, returned home early in the morning, and after retiring to bed, fell into a swoon, and expired.

In Dublin, Mrs. Campion, mother to Mrs. Pope, of Drury-lane theatre.

At Metz, E. Adam, aged 135 years. She was 78 years the wife of Corad Preis, who still survives her, aged 109 years.

At Bath, the hon. Mrs. Bagwell, eldest daughter of the late Lord Graves.

At Paris, Mademoiselle Dumesnil, a celebrated actress, in the 90th year of her age.

At his lordship's seat, Ealing, Middlesex, the hon. E. G. Kinnaird, second son of the right hon. Lord Kinnaird.

At Pulta, near Calcutta, Sir C. W. Blunt, Bart. aged 73. He went out to India in the humble capacity of a writer in the company's service 20 years ago. He has left behind him 100,000*l.* three-fourths of which he has bequeathed to his eldest son, Charles Wm. Blunt, now in India, who inherits the title also.

Lieut. Colonel Carter, of his majesty's 20th light dragoons.

Suddenly, while drinking his coffee, Mr. Sam. Bentley, of Uttoxeter, aged 81; a gentleman well known by his many poetical productions.

At his house at Islington, Wm. Young, Esq. brewer. His death so deeply affected his father, John Young, Esq. of Clapham, that he survived him only three days.

Suddenly, while walking up Cornhill, in perfect health, Mr. G. Vore, of Sutton, Cheshire.

At her seat, in Warwickshire, Lady Andover, aged 87. She had lived secluded from all society, excepting that of her relations and intimate friends, for the last twenty years; and has left behind her immense landed and personal property; the latter is supposed to exceed 300,000*l.*

At her house in George-street, Hanover-square, Mrs. Lowth, aged 79, relict of the late Bishop of London.

At Camsbarren, near Stirling, James Hosier, aged 104 years. He was about 45 years old when he first married, after which he served two years as a common soldier. In the course of his life he was

twice married, and had fifteen children; he was 83 years of age when he had the last one; and though repeatedly exposed to the infection of small-pox, in his own family and otherwise, yet he was not affected till at the age of 95, when he suffered under an uncommon load of it; having recovered, he enjoyed a better state of health than he had done for some time before. He was naturally short-sighted, but in the 80th year of his age his sight was so much renewed, that he could read small print without the help of glasses. At this period he suddenly gave up drinking spirits, to which he was addicted to excess. He was a well made man, five feet five inches high, and lived chiefly on coarse country food, except that, during the last ten years of his life, he became particularly fond of tea. He wrought mostly in the fields at laborious work, which he continued almost till death. In Sept. 1802, he walked half a mile with a load upon his back which any ordinary men could scarcely lift.

In John-street, Tottenham-court-road, Mr. Dan. Cuerton, shoemaker. This person was supposed to be the strongest man in England; he was about the middle size, rather corpulent, yet could put both his elbows together, and drink in that position; he could contract or swell himself over the chest, at a minute's notice, so as to be the least person, when measured, in company, or extend himself so as to measure more than four of the biggest persons put together, across the chest! when sitting on the ground, he could get up without the aid of his hands, with three full-grown men across his shoulders and on his back, and dance a horn-pipe with them with ease! and could do many other feats equally incredible, unless seen, and of which, it is said, many persons living will bear testimony. He was 58 years of age.

At her house in St. Peter's-street, Canterbury, Mrs. Celestina Collins, widow, aged 70 years. Although possessing an income of 70l. per ann. her habits of life were singularly disgusting. During many years her constant companions were from 16 to 20 fowls, whose ordure defiled as well her bed and every article of furniture as the plate out of which she ate; a favorite cock (whose age might be calculated from his spurs, being three inches long), and an equally favored rat, were for a length of time constant attendants at her table, and at her death, a nest of mice was found in her bed.

At Gussage, St. Michael, Dorsetshire, the well-known *Flower Miller*, the wife of a poor labourer there, who possessing an understanding and education above the other women of that parish, was long reputed to be a witch. The present situation of her family is truly distressing: herself and the father of her son's wife lying dead in the cottage; her old husband dying; and her two sons (men grown) so ill of fevers as not expected to live, having no assistance than what can be given by the wife of one of the sons, who has a young child in her arms.

To Correspondents.

A SECOND packet, under the signature of ANTIQUARIUS, has arrived, and shall appear in our next number. We have received several communications of this nature, which will be attended to.

To EDMUND we answer, that, to go more at length under the head OBITUARY, would entrench on other departments of our work, which are considered equally as interesting by the generality of our readers.

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